

T H E
CONSULTATION.
A P O E M.

In four CANTOS.

CANTO I.

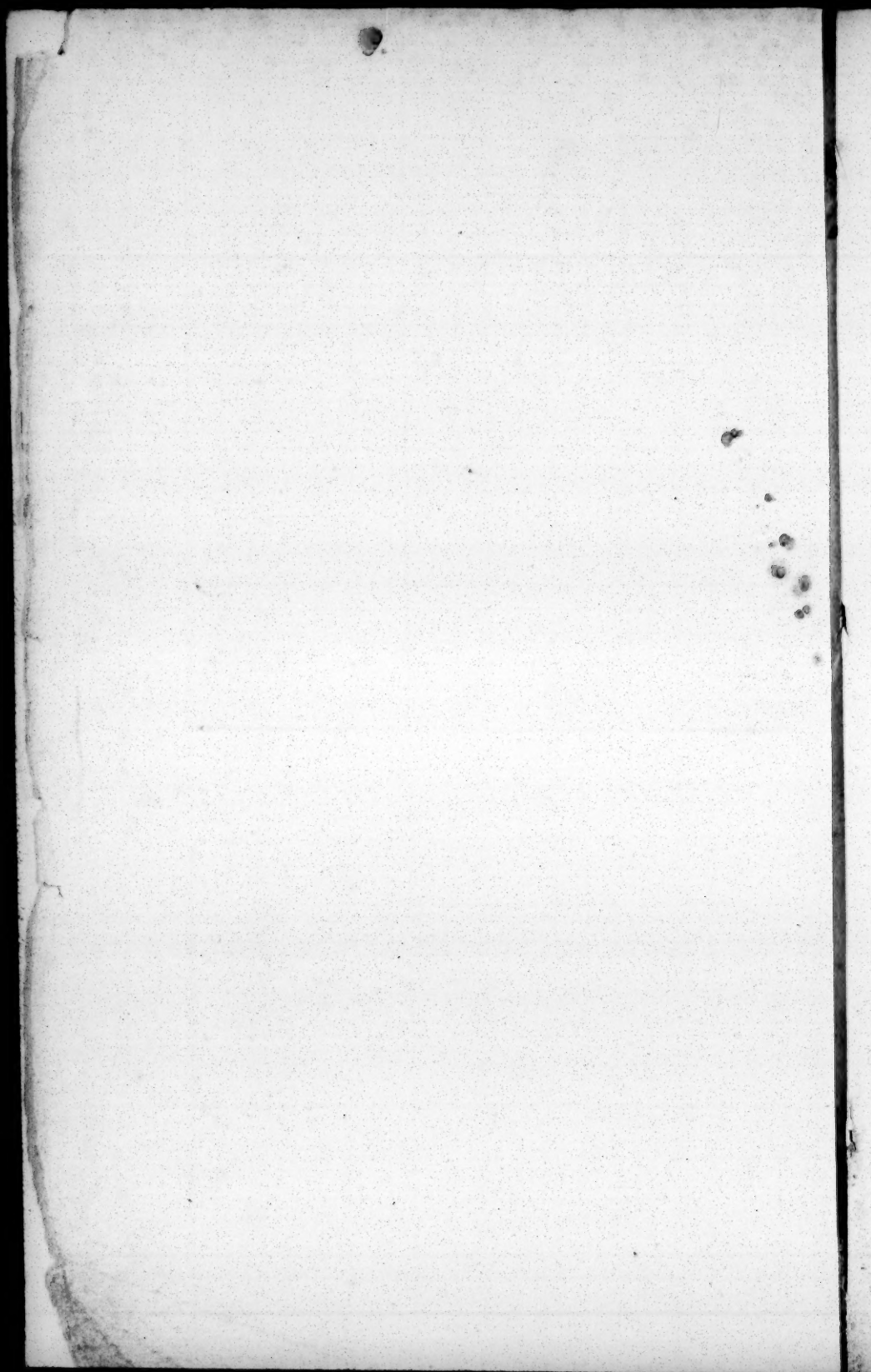


*Tristius haud illis Monstrum, nec sævior ulla
Pestis et Ira Deum Stygiis sese extulit undis.*
Virg. Æn. Lib. 3.

*But Friends to scourge Mankind, so fierce, so fell,
Heav'n ne'er summon'd from the Depths of Hell.*
Pitt,

Printed in the Year 1771.

280. n. 297.

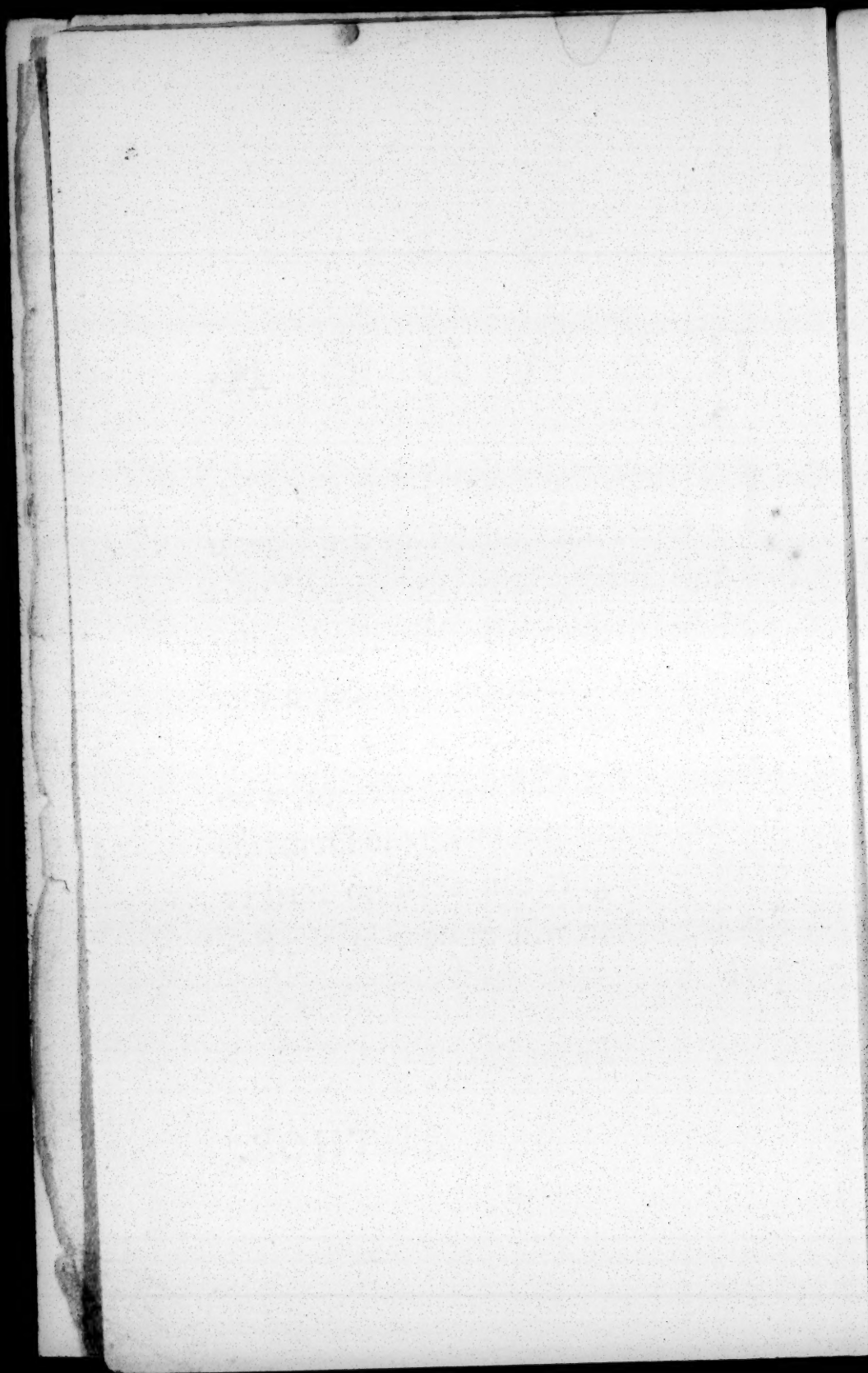


TO THE
READER.

IT must be owned that the Characters introduced in the Course of this Piece, have for many Years past been too well established in the Scandalous Chronicle to receive any additional Shock from the Severity of Satire; the Candid therefore, who are well acquainted with the Demerits of these Wights can need no further Apology than will appear in the Sequel

From the

AUTHOR.





T H E
A R G U M E N T.

I Nvok'd by Prelate, and Attorney,
Satanus undertakes a Journey,
To settle Matters with these two,
How to defeat a rebel Crew;
Who had Tannerius Slavus for
Their Ruler in a Tything War;
Consultus Gripe th' Attorney's Name,
The Priest's Rev'rendo (known to Fame.)

A S DICK and JOHN together sat,
To spend a friendly hour in chat,
No matter when, no matter where,
(Two trifles neither here nor there)
Full many a subject they had sifted,
(For oftentimes their subjects shifted)
When gravely up rose gentle DICK,
And thus afresh began to speak.

6 The CONSULTATION.

Dear JOHN (quoth he) while idly thus,
 Points of no import we discuss,
 We might the fleeting moments spend,
 In what would to instruction tend.
 Wisely our Time we still should use,
 Since a small portion heav'n allows.
 Let trifles then engage no more
 Our search, but nobler scenes explore.
 Reflection forms the useful plan,
 And turns the moral thought on man.
 What fitter subject can we choose
 Or to instruct, or to amuse?
 Taught by example we may trace,
 The springs of honour or disgrace,
 The evil shun the good pursue,
 Life's desp'rate voyage safely through,
 Impartially survey mankind,
 How few alas! my friend we find,
 Who virtue's sacred laws revere,
 And by her precepts wisely steer,
 Man from his early childhood errs,
 And folly rules his rising years,
 Nor can ev'n feeble age and pain,
 The tott'ring wretch from sin restrain.
 Their various vices to recite
 Would waste the day and claim the night,
But

But these too num'rous now to name,
I with indignant silence blame :
Yet one that fires my growing zeal,
I find I can't with ease conceal,
The clergy's now the gen'ral mark,
At which each self sufficient spark
Levels his wit, and void of fear
Dishonours gospel's minister ;
Disgracing men by heav'n design'd
To teach, and to reform mankind.
Their function claims a due respect,
At least should be above neglect :
But shallow coxcombs still despise
The just, the gen'rous, good, and wise :
And swoln with envy, strive to hate
The good they cannot imitate ;
Just so the fox who stretch'd in vain
Despis'd the fruit he could not gain.

Here sober RICHARD paus'd—and JOHN
Th' advantage took, and thus went on.

'Twas ne'er my aim, my honest friend,
To cherish slander, or defend,
Above such baseness, I detest
Detraction as a baleful pest,

8 The CONSULTATION,

Destructive of the joys we prove,
 From sweet society and love.
 I by experience know its pow'r,
 What man is from its rage secure?
 From smallest feeds the fury springs,
 And hell-born malice lends it wings;
 Before its venom, honour flies,
 And virtue fades, and friendship dies.

Thus slander I alike detest,
 Or aim'd at layman or at priest,
 While you my friend your charge confine
 To those who rail at men divine,
 And indignation swells your heart,
 Because the clergy bear a part.
 Now tell me DICK, why priests should be
 From slander more than laymen free;
 If they, as you suppose, inherit
 A patient christian's humble spirit;
 Dame reason whispers in my ear,
 That priests should feel the largest share;
 Because religion's kind supplies
 Aid them in all emergencies;
 While suff'ring laymen sink and yield
 For want of her protecting shield.

Experienc'd

Experienc'd carriers thus you know,
Always the largest load bestow
Upon the best and strongest horse,
The weaker bears the least of course,
And each one with his proper load
In safety jogs along the road;
But should he (acting the reverse)
Set most upon the weakest horse,
What man endu'd with common sense
But quickly fees the consequence?
My simile, tho' coarse must stand,
I've none that's more refin'd at hand.
But Dick, perhaps you will conclude
My doctrine's both absurd and rude;
Nor relish those sublime discourses
Where parsons are explain'd by horses,
And blame this simile of mine,
When thus apply'd to men divine.
But know my friend, that I revere
The truly christian minister,
Whose life and manners still explain,
The road of happiness to man.
I scorn (with equal justice too)
Those who a diff'rent life pursue,
Whose principles deprav'd and base,
Religion and mankind disgrace;

That

10 The CONSULTATION,

That there are such you can't deny,
You know it DICK, as well as I—

DICK, who no longer could forbear,
Thus smartly interrupted here,
Truth should inspire each rising thought,
By reason man should still be taught;
But prejudic'd my friend exclaims,
And without truth or reason blames.

JOHN nettled at this short reproof
Return'd an answer something rough;
What you infer, DICK I despise,
Since truth my conduct justifies:
Facts shall determine the debate,
Attend the story I relate,
So strange in all its parts and new,
Mankind will scarce believe it true.
Here it begins——A zealous priest
With av'rice gall'd the groaning West;
Rapacious soul he seem'd design'd
By nature to oppress mankind:
His features, maugre all his art,
Disclos'd the baseness of his heart;
For Satanus took care to place
A stamp upon his swarthy face,

That

That he might find him out again
Distinguish'd from the race of men,
When he, for some infernal purpose,
Should greet him with his Habeas Corpus.

Our prelate says, and gently strokes
His visage, truly orthodox,
That men are damn'd and doubly too,
If they withhold the parson's due.
But that a timely composition
May save a parish from Perdition;
And seems to soar to deeds of pith,
Whilst heart apostate claims the tythe;
For tythe it is, which more or less,
Directs his mind to righteousness,
Against his will it urges on
To goodly works, the outward man,
Of this satanic pupil, who
Shook hands with conscience long ago,
Whose virtues, whose peculiar worth
In proper place we shall set forth,
And in due season bring to light
The deeds of our heroic wight;
For now 'tis meet that we go on
To picture out his thythingman;

CONSULTUS

12 The CONSULTATION,

CONSULTUS GRIPE, whose greatest foible,
Was too much love towards the Bible,
A most convincing love (to wit)
A cursed itch of kissing it;
By which he was to stand a friend in
The perils of the cause depending,
And by assurance, and address
Supply the want of witnesses,
By resolutely swearing to
A fact, of which he nothing knew.

But fame reports a nobler work
Atchiev'd by him at knife, and fork;
That he'd with greedy jaws dismember,
Large carcases for belly timber,
And eat up more purveyance than
A half o' dozen clergymen,
With guts, and conscience, ready both
To take his dinner, and his oath.
Big with a new concerted scheme
REV'RENDO to fly GRIPUS came,
And thus to the infirm attorney
Declar'd the motives of his journey:

Quoth he you know my jurisdiction;
Two parts in three make an objection,

To

To pay the tythes which I demand,
And for a damn'd old Modus stand.
You know the case, what need I more,
Try if you can some means explore,
By virtue of your quibbling science,
To force the rabble to compliance,
They're damn'd mistaken, if they flatter
Themselves, that I'll give up the matter,
And soon th' unruly crew shall see,
Old customs won't avail with me.
For sooner than be baffl'd, I will
Apply to my old friend the dev'l;
If he can any succour lend,
He won't deny so firm a friend,
So GRIPE consider what I say,
Nor let me suffer from delay.

By glimm'ring light of waxen taper,
Before him laid pen, ink and paper,
GRIPE sat him down and seem'd attentive
'To each instruction of the *plaintiff*,
He heard, then weigh'd the puzzling cause,
Then scratch'd his head and made a pause,
At length reply'd, friend REVERENDO,
I'll do as much as mortal can do,

Let

14 The CONSULTATION,

Let me the deep proceedings settle,
 I'll do the business to a tittle;
 I'll state the case for sage opinion,
 And send it to the black dominion,
 Where SATANUS a man of reading,
 Compleatly skill'd in special pleading,
 Shall undertake the desp'rate cause,
 And find the way to curb your foes.

What SATANUS reply'd the priest
 (With joy arising in his breast)
 I knew his worship long ago,
 I honour and revere him too;
 And faith I'll SATANUS see well,
 If he'll employ the pow'rs of hell;
 And if my judgment does not fail,
 With such a friend we must prevail:
 And GRIFF I think I just now said,
 That I'd apply to him for aid;
 And who's so hardy to withstand
 When SATAN takes the work in hand?
 An antient Proverb says you know
 "He whom the devil drives must go";
 So draw immediately the case,
 And send it to th' aforesaid place.

But

But GRIPUS now that cunning elf,
Thought this the time to mind himself.
For in important matters he
Embrac'd the doctrine——*double fee*;
And to enhance the price of sin,
He try'd by lugging conscience in ;
With artful fears he thus began,
Consider sir, report of man,
Foul deeds may hurt our sacred fame,
And future ages curse our name,
Our works shou'd be by honour try'd,
And virtue all our actions guide ?
Besides my conscience too begins
To rise at such enormous sins :
And who sir, for my paltry hire
His carcass would consign to fire ?

Pho! prithee fool, don't talk of conscience
I hate such superstitious nonsense,
Besides I thought long since, that thine
Was seard and grown as tough as mine,
But I perceive from thy poor fetches,
That GRIPE a base and sneaking wretch is ;
And honest SATAN can't depend,
No more than I, on such a friend.

Thus

Thus spoke the priest with oblong face,
A jesuit look, and foul grimace,
Who took no notice of the hint,
Which at increase of fees did squint.

Old GRIPUS foil'd, return'd again,
I find expostulations vain,
Justice and honour disappear,
If with your purse they interfere,
But sooner than from you I'd fall
The dev'l should take PRIEST, GRIPE and all.
No more religious admonition
I'll hear, since damn'd is our condition ;
And faith to mend I think it late,
So poor religion take thy fate ;
And from this present moment I
Justice and all her works defy.
Sir, I'll conduct with your applause
By SATAN's aid, the important cause,
In spite of him who fights so hearty,
In favour of defendant party.

NOW REV'RENDO, with a smile
Reply'd, I like thy change of stile,
That fraudulent aspect speaks it plain
That GRIPUS is himself again.

Dear

Dear convert of my own conviction,
Our tything shall have no restriction,
Our colleague SATAN shall pursue
TANNERIUS, and the headstrong crew ;
Who got at length in his possession,
Shall dearly pay for opposition.

Big with impatience GRIPUS said,
Let matters be not thus delay'd.
If sir the business must go on,
'Twere better if 'twere sooner done,
So write your letter to SIR SATAN,
I'll undertake the case, and state one ;
And least sir, it should miss the dev'l,
I'll send it down express by K——l,
A faithful slave, you know him well,
And proper to be sent to HELL ,
He knows the road as well as I do,
Who's fitter than to be apply'd to ?

But I've the subject deeper weigh'd,
The rev'rend priest transported said ;
Which your concurrence justly claims,
To execute the dark laid schemes ;
Deep skill'd in cabalistic science,
I'll force the dev'l to compliance,

B

When

18 The CONSULTATION,

When the mystericus scheme I form,
Which SATAN only can perform :
E'er the grey morn's returning light
Breaks through the dusky shades of night,
With all the pow'rs of magic spell,
I'll urge TARTAREAN help from HELL,
Invoke the dev'l and his legions,
And shake the diabolic reg'ons,

The scheme I like, reply'd th' Attorney,
'Twill save at least a tiresome journey ;
He'll soon obey your friendly summons,
If he's not in the H---e of C----ns,
(Where Scots in stigmatizing plaid,
Adore him for their Highland God)
But if he is, he soon will be
Here, at the call of sin and thee,
And on his journey quickly hasten,
T' appear before his friend in person ;
But while we talk time slips away,
We're threaten'd with the approach of day,
Therefore prepare the potent spell
T' invoke the wond'rous pow'rs of hell.

I'm ready quoth the penfive priest,
To set thy anxious heart at rest,

He

He spoke and snatch'd his magic wand,
 Nine times in air he wav'd his hand,
 The fiery circles round his head
 Were in misterious curlings spread;
 Cold aconite around he strews,
 With baleful leaves of church-yard yews,
 Next he with skill infernal drew,
 A circle, formidably true,
 And mutter'd to the ambient air,
 Sounds inartic'late to the ear:
 Then took a magic phial fill'd,
 With juice of pois'nous herbs distill'd
 And pour'd the liquid on the flame,
 And thrice invok'd the Demon's name;
 The magic pierc'd the dark profound,
 And hell was all bewitch'd around;
 When instantly before them stood,
 The Demon of the Stygian flood,
 Who thus diffus'd his flaming breath,
 In words denouncing dreadful wrath.

Must I my PANDÆMONIUM slight
 To set litigious trifles *right*,
 When I have nothing more in view,
 Than *certainty* of GRIPE and *you*;

20 The CONSULTATION,

Men whom you rifle every hour
 Baffle my arts and scorn my pow'r,
 Since he, whose prowess most I fear
 This *flock peculiar* makes his care;
 And notwithstanding your alliance,
 Hath dar'd to set me at defiance;
 He watches all attacks of evil,
 What hopes are left then for your dev'l?
 By Styx I'll make you fir pay double,
 For this unnecessary trouble,
 For interrupting thus my sport
 When I was deep engag'd at C——.

REV'REND O startling, stood aghast,
 Confounded at the hellish blast;
 But recollecting bow'd in form,
 And answer'd thus t' appease the storm.
 Most worthy SATAN I've remov'd
 That obstacle you never lov'd:
 You know I have, then why so free
 To dart your angry words at me?
 I also plac'd, to please your humour,
 Instead of him your bastard C----mer
 The upright *flock* to lead astray,
 And draw them from the perfect way;

That

That you th' unguarded time might seize,
And pick and choofe as you should please:
Thus you my dearest SATAN see
I've done what could be done by me.
Then to your honoured breast once more
The trueft friend you have restore.

Pardon good fir my hasty speech
I fear,—I know,—I've faid too much:
But fpirits feel fell paffion's pow'r,
And have like men the peevifh hour;
To thee REV'RENDO ftill I owe
The peopling of my realms below,
And all the help that I can lend,
Is at thy fervice honeft friend.
So SATAN faid, and turning round
CONSULTUS in the corner found,
Whom in the hurry he had miff'd,
But now in friendly terms addrefs'd;
What my brave truftly GRIPUS too
I'm glad to fee thee—how doft do,
Accept my friend this horny CLAW
The fcepter of my fway below,
As token of the love I bear,
To you and Reverendo there,

Gripe, greedy of the sad embrace,
And friendly kifs stretch'd out his face,
His arms, the amicable fiend
Display'd to meet his dearest friend,
Then clasp'd him too his hideous breast,
And by close hugs his love express'd,
Old Satan squeez'd him hellish hard,
And equal to his great regard,
But oh! how brittle mortal clay
Gripe suffer'd in the friendly fray,
He to th' infernal honour owes
The ruin of his hands and toes,
For that his twisted joints and gout
Proceeded thence is past a doubt.

Thus Semele, who for her love
Had that old rampant lecher Jove,
Took it for sooth in high disdain,
Because he came in form of man;
And would not let the job be done
Unless in thunder he came on,
Jove, not repugnant to command,
Took all things fitting in his hand;
Came down and plac'd his bolt before,
Lacivious Cupid's temple door,

But

But Semele, poor girl too bold
Was in the combat forely maul'd
Thus Gripus far'd; but undismay'd
Reply'd, and thus the case display'd,

Great ruler of the realms of night,
Thus call'd to set our matters right,
Attend the case that I'm about
To state, and patient hear me out.

Satan who lik'd old Gripus's stile
"Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile,"
Then said——The case fir is so plain,
All explanation would be vain,
And so you'll spare the pains of telling
A thing, that I am vers'd so well in:
Besides I thought that you had known,
'Twas my advice first brought it on;
But don't conclude from what I've said,
That Reverendo's fertile head,
E'er stood in need of my advice,
To plan a scheme so good and nice,
Far otherwise he can contrive,
A scheme with any fiend alive,
I only meant good Gripe, that I
Just whetted up his memory;

24 The CONSULTATION,

And slightly hinted that from ten
 A second tythe might take agen,
 But to the purpose, since I stand
 Engag'd to lend a helping hand,
 And from my cunning and address,
 Can almost promise you success,
 From your good fortune in the law,
 What benefit am I to draw.
 If I the *jurisdiction* foil,
 Tell me what shall reward my toil?
 For where no int'rest is in view
 I am as peaceable as you:

Thrice worthy Satan never fear,
 Rev'rend answer'd with a sneer,
 The pains, the trouble you shall take,
 In struggling, juggling for my sake,
 'Twill be my pleasure to reward:
 I hope you don't suspect my word.
 Hear then the method I propose
 To pay you for defeat of *foes*,
 Those rebels who contend with me,
 Shall be to you as *simple fee*.
 Gripe shall immediately prepare
 The proper release. Soft and fair——

Then

'Then Satan interrupting cry'd,
New difficulties to be try'd;
When you have thus assign'd 'em o'er,
I'm still no better than before,
Unless you find the means *d'ye see*,
To bring them and submit to me;
Already I have try'd in vain,
What boots it then to try again?
Who strives against the stream, I think
Must in th' unequal struggle sink,
What hopes have I they'll ever yield
When all my past attempts have fail'd.
C---mer, in whom I chiefly trusted,
Was baffled in the end and worsted;
He prov'd successful I confess,
And manag'd things with good address,
'Till under Bacchanalian banner,
Engag'd with that old slave the Tanner,
For drunken victory he fought,
When S'avus that experienc'd sot,
Prov'd for my hapless son too able,
And brought his noddle to the table.
There long he foam'd, and groan'd and squitch'd
And snear'd and kick'd like one bewitch'd,
'Till he in struggling off did draw,
The cov'ring which conceal'd his *claw*;
Tannerius

Tannerius, who was sitting by
 Rejoicing in his victory,
 Observ'd the fatal mark and knew
 Immediately the meaning too :
 Fame caught from him the dire report
 That caus'd my C----mer to depart.
 From hence Rev'rendo you may see
 No hopes are left at least for me,
 Unless my friend you can discover
 More certain means to bring them over.

Big with a scheme again the priest
 Himself to Satan thus address'd ;
 Sir could you think that I'd proceed
 Thus far like one without a head,
 And that I had not duly weigh'd,
 The means of getting Satan paid,
 Observe the methods I propose,
 You'll own you've fear'd without a cause,
 The plot good fir, which I've design'd,
 Is not to your affairs confin'd,
 I too shall gain by the transaction,
 To which I hope you've no objection,
 The scheme is this—Since luckless C----mer,
 Fled from disgrace and public rumour,

No

No curate hath as yet supply'd,
The vacant seat of Rev'rend guide,
And I'm determin'd for the future
To keep them clear of gospel tutor,
For ne'er will I engage again
A curate to destroy my plan,
Forfaken thus th' unguarded wretches,
Of course must fall into your clutches;
Without the trouble on your part
Of using much Satanic art;
And here fir Satan by the bye,
I save th' expence of *salary*;
Besides the system to amend,
I've in my eye a trusty friend,
Duffanus—a most artful knave in
Corrupting, under cloak of saving,
Who most commodiously hath made
Religion his peculiar trade,
And styled he is from his vocation,
A haberdasher of salvation,
Who sells it out as cheap as dirt
To any one who'll pay him for't;
By fraudulent and dissembling arts,
He steals th' unwary people's hearts,
And spreads enthusiastic inares
In subtle Pharasaic wares,

And

And what's more likely to procure y'
Success than a religious fury ?
Religion, when 'tis built on fancy,
Springs out into extravagancy,
On our first Charles's annals look,
See what reduc'd him to the block :
Enthusiasm caus'd the strife,
That robb'd the monarch of his life,
And sow'd the harvest which you boast,
T' have reap'd when Cromwell rul'd the roast,
More instances I could produce,
But this may serve for present use,
Thus sir you see Duffanus may
Be of great service that same way ;
And help you to an ample flock
Of my perverse audacious flock :
Th' affair thus settled I have yet one
Small benefit to ask of Satan ;
Since sir 'twould be extreamly hard
Should Gripus loose his due reward,
For all the trouble care and pain,
That he'll on your behalf sustain,
I beg when he retires from hence,
That you'll by way of recompence,
Take him in *partnership* below,
There's work enough for both I trow.

Here

Here Satan nodded approbation
Full promising the wish'd for station.

Gripe made his thanks with conge low,
And kiss'd a second time the *claw*.

When Reverendo who had been,
Musing the while thus spoke again.

Dear Satan I must caution you
Against a fly designing foe,
A wight most subtle and discerning,
And skill'd in Mathematic learning,
By aid of Trigonometry,
He'll find you out where e'er you be,
If you in smallest form elope
By virtue of his Microscope,
He'll see your worship, so beware,
And shun the Philosophic snare.

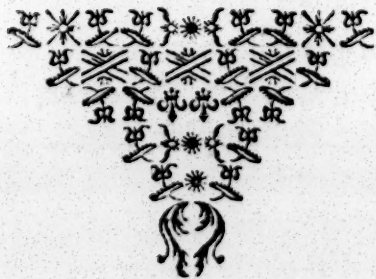
If he's superior to Des Cart
In science; I'll elude his art;
Says Satanus,—then shaking hands
With both his well beloved friends,
Down to the realms of lasting night,
Precipitately took his flight.

In

30 The CONSULTATION.

In imitation up rose Dick,
Snatch'd up his hat and grasp'd his stick,
Without reply the room he quitted,
And off precipitately strutted.

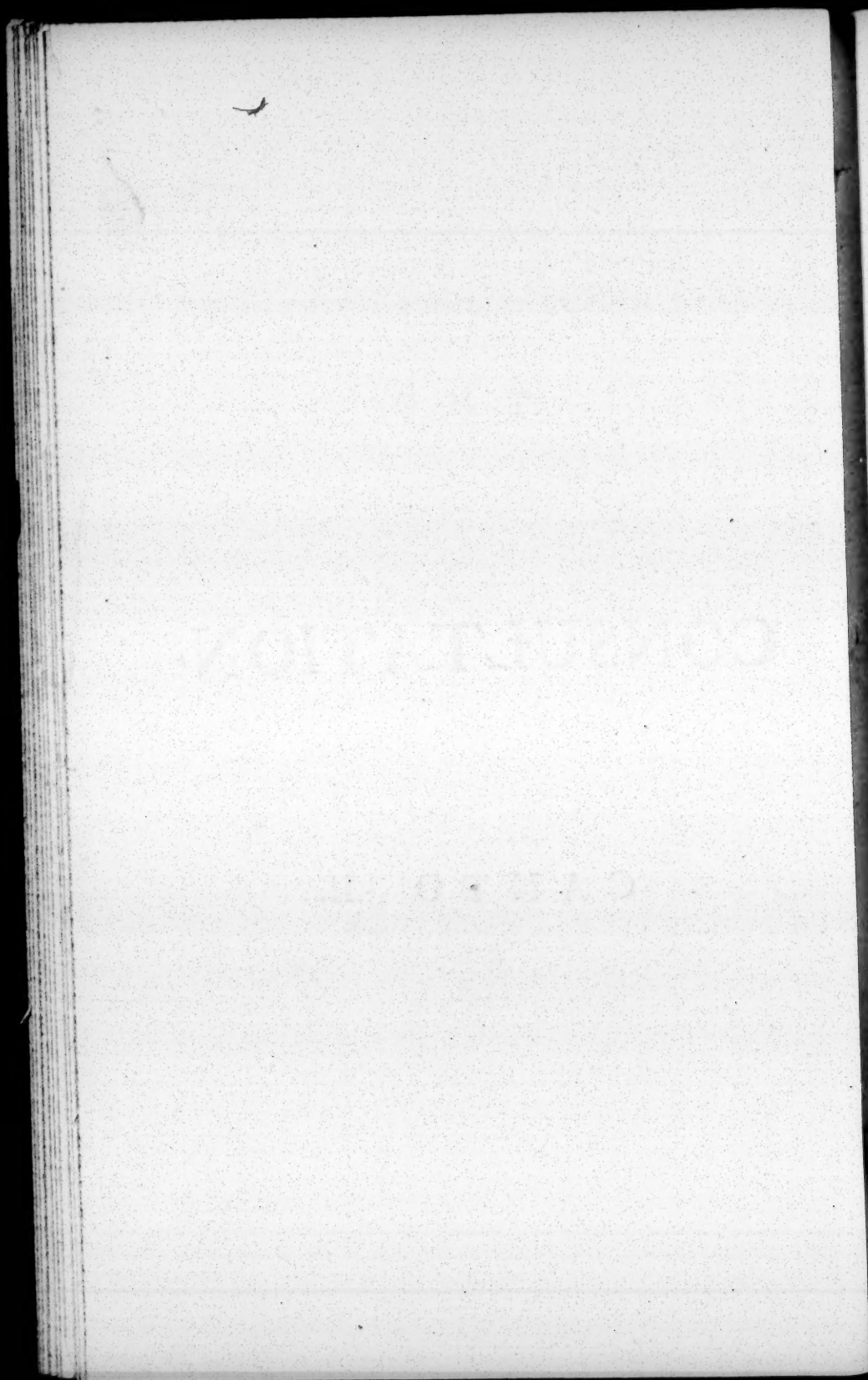
End of the first CANTO.



T H E

CONSULTATION.

C A N T O I I.





T H E
A R G U M E N T.

*REV'RENDO Westward takes his Rout,
And finding Gripe, and K——l out,
At Sh—p and C—fle holds a Meeting,
Upon a subtle Plan for cheating
The Devil, who appears to them,
And interrupts the Lawyer's Scheme,
Stuns K——l with his threat'ning Speeches,
And makes the Parson Pifs his Breeches.*

PROfound debate, and strange relation,
Concluded in the CONSULTATION;
At ease I sat enjoy'd my friend,
And hop'd my labours at an end;
But ah!—The flatt'ring hope was vain,
The pen must be resum'd again,
The Priest, and Gripe a second time
Must see their villainies in rhyme,

C

Dame

Dame justice at my elbow stands,
And gives the miscreants to my hands.

But here, lest some odd thinking wight
Should deem these tales produc'd by spight,
And judge what fairly I impart,
The work of some malicious heart,
A few impartial artless lines,
Shall shew my motives and designs.

Suppose in ev'ry point of view
My tales had not been strictly true,
'The curious should their search confine,
To know the meaning and design:
Who ever thought that beasts were able
Or birds to discourse as in fable?
Yet we approve the pleasing veil,
And profit by the moral tale,
If tales are useful gentle Gay,
And Prior by their works will say,
"We name them to support our cause,
But aim not at their just applause."

Let truth for once inform the breast
Of Gripe, and eke inform the Priest,

Both

Both Prelate and Attorney must
Confess my meaning fair, and just.

If tythes are paid, they're understood
As purchase for celestial food,
As pious parson's honest due
For keeping soul in proper cue;
But here, Rev'rendo's notions differ;
A soul with him is but a cypher,
A trifle, which no men of sense
E'er judge of any consequence,
Which none but fools have ought to say for,
Or madmen take the pains to pray for:
And so our Priest transfers his care
To pigs, and geese, and tything ware,
And but in thinking how to double
His income, takes no thought or trouble.

This may be seen by's leaving church,
And flock unkindly in the lurch,
And eke will by the works appear
Of Gripe, his understrapper here.
From this short preface, who can fail
To know the basis of my tale.

E'en Cassock of himself in spight
Must yield at length and own me right ;
Tho' for awhile he's obstinate,
And rails in genuine Billingsgate,
Rev'rendo's character is known
By him to tally with his own,
The guilty Priest is drunk with rage
To see himself upon the stage,
But let him snarl, he cannot bite,
I'll shew him in his proper light ;
The offspring of a grov'ling race,
Yet more tyrannical than base,
An upstart rais'd by purblind fortune's
Help, at a dead lift to importance,
He lords it o'er his jurisdiction,
And plays the Bashaw to perfection.
The mustard grain, tho' small, we see,
Shoots up at length a stately tree :
Prodigious sublunary things
From trifles sometimes take their springs.
His bloated joles, and craving paunch
In gluttony pronounce him staunch,
To abstinence a foe as great
As Alderman at Lord May's treat :
The scripture somewhere teaches us
To hunger after righteousness,

But

But Cassock's stomach, grossly good,
Prefers a more substantial food,
His heart's to Mammon wholly given,
His lips alone are sold to heaven,
Enormous tythes th' extorted price
Of using them on sundays twice
In puzzling honest congregation
With stupid jargon, and oration :
Shoals of the same dark stamp remain
With Cassock, links of that same chain,
Beneath my notice to rehearse,
Too worthless to be seen in verse,
Who quit the doctrine of salvation
T' exclaim against the Consultation ;
Just like those bold advent'rous fellows,
Who rob, but hate the sight of gallows.
Fearing lest justice should exhibit
Them dangling one day on a gibbet :
Thus I 'mongst priests to keep decorum,
Have hung up Cassock in terrorem.

I now proceed—Old Phœbus had
Put sleeds to house and self to bed,
When John walk'd forth, by custom sway'd,
To ramble through the ev'ning shade :

38 The CONSULTATION,

Not many museful steps he'd trod,
When Dick engag'd him on the road.

As compliments are things sublime,
They suit not Hudibrastic rhyme,
For which same reason I forbear
Or Dick's or John's to mention here,
But reader for your satisfaction,
Shall come immediately to action.

You told when last we met (quoth Dick)
A tale that struck me to the quick;
My passions then were rais'd too high
To give friend John an apt reply,
But calmer grown by time, I can fir
Now make a shift to give fair answer
The story, John, you then related,
And which (I find) you've propogated,
Was false, (excuse my freedom fir)
As in few words I'll make appear:
You said that Satanus, for lending
Rev'rendo aid in cause depending,
Was to enjoy an ample share
Of flock then under Prelate's care,
And that the Devil too might be
Quite certain of his promis'd fee,

No

No pious minded gospel tutor,
Was to direct them for the future,
But all be left to rack, and manger,
As prey for the infernal ranger :
What madness could my friend induce
To raise this tempest of abuse,
Or what, sir, could you hope again
From giving slander thus the rein,
If by malicious spight inflam'd
To ridicule the priest you aim'd,
And eke th' attorney to bespatter,
You've lost your views, and miss'd the matter,
Your story form'd by mere invention
Is too absurd to claim attention :
A man with half an eye may see,
It wants e'en probability :
Surely you knew not or forgot
The maxim by the poet taught,
" Fiction the face of truth should wear,
For widely from the mark you steer",
You see, my friend, that to have gain'd
The desp'rate point for which you strain'd,
You should have form'd a diff'rent tale,
Extravagance will ne'er prevail ;
Who but yourself would e'er engage
To bring the devil on the stage,

Contented fir you ſhould have been
To've had him thought behind the ſcene,
Beſides the Prieſt—(a grand miſtake)
Superior to the fiend you make,
When is it poſſible, that he
Worſe than the Dev'l himſelf can be,
I ſhould believe for truth as ſoon
Gonzalez hiſt'ry of the moon,
With all his fictions trump't together,
And that his Ganzas carr'd him thither;
Why you're as much addicted, John,
To wonders, as Pontoppidan,
Who prov'd Norwegian crab to be
An iſland floating in the ſea,
When all the world know him miſtaken,
And wilfully too in his Kraken:
You trump up other things to th' full,
As ſtrange and hyperbolical;
But ſoon the curious world will find,
That malice the falſe tale deſign'd:
Then judge my friend what muſt enſue,
And ſhudder at the ills in view;
Who e'er will truſt a wretch, whoſe aim
Is bent to wound the faireſt fame?
The virtuous man deteſts and ſhuns
Invidious flanders canker'd ſons,

Who

Who justly punish'd soon or late
Are objects of the public hate ;
The Roman satirists of old,
I own were in their censures bold,
Yet sway'd not by malicious rage,
They lash'd the vices of the age,
With gen'rous indignation warm,
Their views were only to reform :
Did but your labours this way tend,
I should not censure but commend ;
But all your aim is to bring scandal
On those whom you so bately handle,
Is not a curate now in pay
To hold the Devil off at Bay,
To struggle for the flock's salvation
With ev'ry hellish machination,
That flocks of clownish rebels, who
Should doubly pay and suffer too
For flying in religion's face
By posing minister of grace,
Who maugre all their opposition,
Strains hard to save them from perdition ;
What tho' his past attempts have been
Baffled, 'tis not his fault, I ween,
If his rude flock are bent for ill,
Can he reform them 'gainst their will,

Or

42 The CONSULTATION.

Or make them by fair preaching go
 A journey, they're repugnant to,
 Can he, when rebel crew oppose
 His doctrine, lead them by the nose;
 As keepers lead tame bears about
 By string annex'd to savage snout,
 And make them dance to tune and measure
 Or travel at their will and pleasure,
 With as much ease the good divine
 Might moralize an herd of swine,
 And by the force of reason teach
 Them, to grunt sentences and preach:
 What reason then sir can you frame
 For loading Prelate thus with shame?

Here Richard clos'd with haughty air,
 And deem'd himself great conqueror
 Unanswerable in dispute;
 When John thus answered to confute.

You look, friend Dick, as if that I
 Could scarcely shift for a reply,
 And seem to triumph in the thought,
 That you the upper hand have got,
 Besides you've been extremely free
 In throwing out shrewd hints to me;

Why

Why mention you Pontoppidan?
What's Kraken, fir, or Crab to John?
Unless you can detect me leasing,
The instance sure is out of season;
Then Dick you sneer, because I shew
The Devil to the public view,
As if the fiend was only in
The force of understanding seen,
When he undoubtedly from hell
Made his appearance personal;
Pray was not Satan us'd to spend all
His leisure time with Doctor Tindal?
And pray, friend Richard, did not he
Sit cheek by jole with Doctor Dee?
And eke with his old friend Ned, Kelly;
Of numbers more too I could tell, ye,
Who've been as free with Satanus,
As e'er the noted Faustus was;
Then, why may'nt the familiar fiend too
Converse with Doctor Reverendo,
A greater friend by far than either
Of those, or all of them together:
Besides believe, what some men say,
The Devil's ev'ry where in play:
The wild Arabians deal with Owki
Moraski, and to Bena Muchoe

Th'

44 The CONSULTATION,

Th' Americans in herds resort,
 Whenever they've occasion for't ;
 The title of each savage nation
 Is Devil in a fair translation,
 For call him by what name you will,
 The Devil is the Devil still ;
 In Lapland too or man or woman
 Converse with him ('tis said) in common,
 Buy winds of him, and, as retailers,
 Dispose of them again to sailors ;
 To Turkey now our course we steer
 To see how he's respected there ;
 The greatest officers of state
 Pay homage to their Mahomet,
 And every christian soul must own,
 That he and Satan are but one :
 In Scotland too, the jaunting witches
 On flying broomsticks fix their breeches,
 Or for ethereal paltry kick,
 And spur a magic fiddlestick
 To gang on Satan's bonny errants,
 And execute his Highland warrants,
 And frequently with him converse
 In their own country language Erse ;
 Now here in England, folks aver,
 He acts as p--vy councillor,

And

And helps our blund'ring statesmen out
In ev'ry thing they set about ;
So Dick you see 'tis no strange matter
For Satan and a Priest to chatter ;
Then cease to bluster, honest friend,
For I have at my fingers end
Reasons, which must I ween prevail,
O'er all your spight, and fix my tale,
The sequel of my former story
Shall set the matter fair before y'.

The sequel ! Dick replied in haste,
I thought the whole already past,
That cunning wight who first maintain'd
The moon made up of sea, and land,
Judg'd, that his curious suppositions
Would look much better with additions ;
He therefore strove to make it clear,
That men and women coupled there :
So you, good sir, by what you say,
Seem bent for acting that same way,
And hope to help your story out
By adding part the second to't.

Dick's galling simile applied
John heard impatient, and reply'd,

When

When criminal for rog'ries past is
 Forc'd in before terrific justice,
 He's not without his turn to speak,
 And stand up in defence of neck,
 And hangman trembles for his fee,
 Whilst culprit's on defensive plea :
 But you condemn your friend in spight
 Of justice, and of common right,
 Refuse to hear what I've to say.——
 ——Go on (quoth Richard) your own way.

Without more quibbling honest John
 Forgave, shook hands, and thus went on

The treaty form'd and settled by
 The priest and Satan his ally,
 In little time was broken through,
 Though sworn reciprocally to,
 Replete with stratagems his heart,
 Rev'rendo play'd a vent'rous part,
 In spight of treaty, to provide
 For flock, a sacerdotal guide ;
 Without th' advice and leave obtain'd
 Of Satanus his trusty friend ;
 But Dick, not many days had past,
 E'er doubts arose in Prelate's breast,

Reflection

Reflection whisper'd him, that he
Had been with Satanus too free,
Who would not tamely bear the slight
Or hazard of his perquisite,
And that a fly well tim'd excuse
Might purchase for his ears a truce,
Which otherwise, to Prelate's scandal,
Some Justice minister might handle:

On this Rev'rendo casts about
To make fallacious salvo out,
But thought it prudent to apply
To Gripe in this emergency,
Who vers'd in quirps might help to find
A way to make the devil blind:

For this the priest draws on his boots,
His palfry mounts, and Westward trots,
Arrives at place of destination,
And finds the son of desolation
Confounding law amidst a baffle
Of justices, at Sh—p and C—file,
'Fore whom he car'd not to speak out
The matters, which he came about;
So tip'd the wink to limping Gripe
To give grave Synod men the slip.

Gripe

Gripe soon the innuendo knew,
And waddling on a crutch withdrew
By K——I aided (who as clerk
Had been promoting *warrant work*)
To whom, when compliments were past,
The prelate thus himself address'd.

Dear Gripe, I fear a storm is brewing,
Which will involve us both in ruin,
Unless we lay our heads together
To turn its course and keep fair weather ;
Our putting Michael in commission,
As curate, causes my suspicion,
Since by that action I have broke
The bargain I with Satan struck,
Tho' I oblig'd myself to keep
It by an oath profoundly deep,
Now I'm in fearful expectation
Of Satan's wrathful indignation ;
For Satan I'm persuaded will
Take the infringement vastly ill,
And me perhaps enraged will seize on,
And rack my carcass for the treason,
Unless we can some means contrive,
The wary goblin to deceive,

The

The task I must confess is great,
But you and I were born to cheat :

Here Prelate ceas'd, and Gripe in tone
Characteristic thus begun,

It must be own'd, my rev'rend friend,
You've dealt unfairly with the fiend,
And broken through the oath, you took
To keep without a guide the flock ;
But what's an oath, that it should bind ?
'Tis but a breath, and breath's but wind,
Which past the lips is lost in air,
So oaths are quite beneath your care,
Unless where more is gotten by
Performance, than by perjury,
For my part, I was ne'er behind
Hand in an oath of any kind,
And would with pleasure take a score
Some limping case to varnish o'er,
For oaths of such good tendency,
Are always sugar'd with a fee,
Whilst circumstances strictly true
Are scarcely worth a swearing to.

D

Thus

Thus far had Gripe in quaint discourse
Prov'd oaths, of little or no force,
And kick'd poor conscience out of place,
When Satan star'd him in the face.

At Gripus's ear the flurdy elf
Sometime before had plac'd himself,
But now stood suddenly confest
To the Attorney, and the priest :
And thus to his infernal passion
Gave vent by fury of expression.

Say, Rascals, without hesitation,
What means this privy Consultation ?
What fraudulent scheme is now on foot,
Tell me base varlets, tell me what ?
For well I know, you ne'er had meeting,
But on the subtle score of cheating ;
I've been engag'd so much of late,
And plagu'd with Ministers of S—te,
That I have scarce had time to look,
If treaty you observ'd or broke ;
Yet I have had sufficient light,
That things are not exactly right,
Tho' I observ'd you not myself,
I kept a spy an honest elf,

Who

Who watch'd your motions from the first,
(For both I knew too well to trust)
Thou beastly antichristian vermin,
As ever preach'd imbezzl'd sermon,
Which most thy brother priests have done,
And palm'd upon us for their own,
As you have cheated mortals, so
You think to cheat the devil too,
Ungrateful caitiffs, did not I
In pudding season help apply,
And in an instant overthrow
Your foes in spight of right and law,
Was it not by my instigation,
That Cain the tool of subornation,
In all the rage of rustic wrath
Curtail'd fat bullocks by an oath,
And eke by my well tim'd advice
The tythe of hemp too did increase?
To which he bore instinctive spight,
As fearing neck might suffer by't,
And thus by swearing did at once
Check controversy, and expence,
Thus I with your desires complied,
And mutual vows were ratified;
And Gripus to a post below
On his appointment, kiss'd my claw.

At this th' Attorney took occasion
To wave the topic by evasion,
That Prelate might have time enough
To think and take the Devil off,
For Prelate found his spirits failing
At Satan's threat'ning phyz, and railing.

Quoth Gripus (limping) I have not
The memorable pledge forgot,
Which render'd me a gouty cripple
For which I'm flouted by the people,
And my tormented foot and hand,
As marks of Satan's kindness stand :
Your place is scarce a satisfaction,
For what I suffer'd in the action,
And, what the Devil can I do,
I'm hooted at, where e'er I go—
Here some base scoundrel dares to cut
Unfav'ry jokes upon my foot ;
There friends refuse to shake a paw,
Which has been free with Satan's claw ,
'Tis hard to be oblig'd to suffer
The taunts of ev'ry idle scoffer,
Besides the infernal pains, which you
Inflicted on my gouty toe.

Satan

Satan at this, whose hellish mein
Foretold the gath'ring storm within,
Set an infernal grizzle on
His countenance, and thus begun,

Expert Attorney, I perceive
Thy artifice, thou crafty knave,
A villainous attempt to mask all
The frauds of sacerdotal rascal,
To save his nose from suff'ring on
Inexorable grinding stone;
Base cripple skill'd in circumvention
In vain you cloak up your intention,
I see through all:—Then e'er too late
Draw in your horns, and cease to prate;
Your impudence shall not secure y'
(Tho' matchless) from infernal fury.

K-v-l who long had silent sat,
Now happen'd to prognosticate
From Satan's rage, that some disaster,
Threaten'd the priest, and swearing master:
He therefore rose, in hopes of breaking
The fury of the storm, by speaking,
But in ill hour unhappy K—l,
Essay'd to pacify the devil.

54 . The CONSULTATION,

Good nature (as 'tis often seen)
 Draws its well meaning vot'ries in
 To difficulties, or disgrace ;
 As, for example, K—I's case :

For Satanus perceiving what,
 The pettifogger would be at,
 Thus stopp'd his mouth—Thou paltry wretch
 Art thou too hamm'ring at a speech ;
 Be silent scriv'ner or I'll plant
 My nails, in nose protuberant,
 And draw thy ductile snout to form, as
 Big, as a Proboscis enormous.

Poor K-v-l now, within an ace
 Of losing th' handle of his face,
 Reflected on the prize at stake,
 Drew in his horns, and then fell back,
 To keep the devil's cursed claws
 From laying holdfast on his nose,
 Left Satan's fingers should disgrace
 Th' Alto Relievo of his face.

Thus Satan, lest he should harrangue,
 Had laid embargo on his tongue,

Then

Then like some blust'ring Unus Quorum,
When felon stands impeach'd before him,
Morosely to the trembling priest
The remnant of his speech addrest;

Delinquent instantly declare
The purpose of your meeting here,
And give me clear account——By Styx
I'll thwack thee else for all thy tricks,
I'm now prodigiously inclin'd
To serve thee in that very kind,
That did the thief, who chanc'd to make
On friar once a foul mistake,
When, stead of making pocket prize,
He stole more rare commodities,
And render'd him a proper fellow
At Operas to sing, or bellow.

Rev'rend so stagger'd at the fiend
With nothing but his hairs an end,
His guardian hand by instinct sat
On what the devil hinted at.

As Quixote once, who brav'd in fight
A windmill for a giant knight,

56 The CONSULTATION,

Was seiz'd with most excessive fear,
When hoisted sprawling through the air,
He found, that all his skill, and courage
Were just the same as chips in porridge.

So priest, when fiend stood forth to fight,
Was in like fear, and far worse plight;
For sick'ning at his threats, he caught
The Diabetes on the spot,
Which in short time began to trickle
From Breeches in irrev'rent pickle :

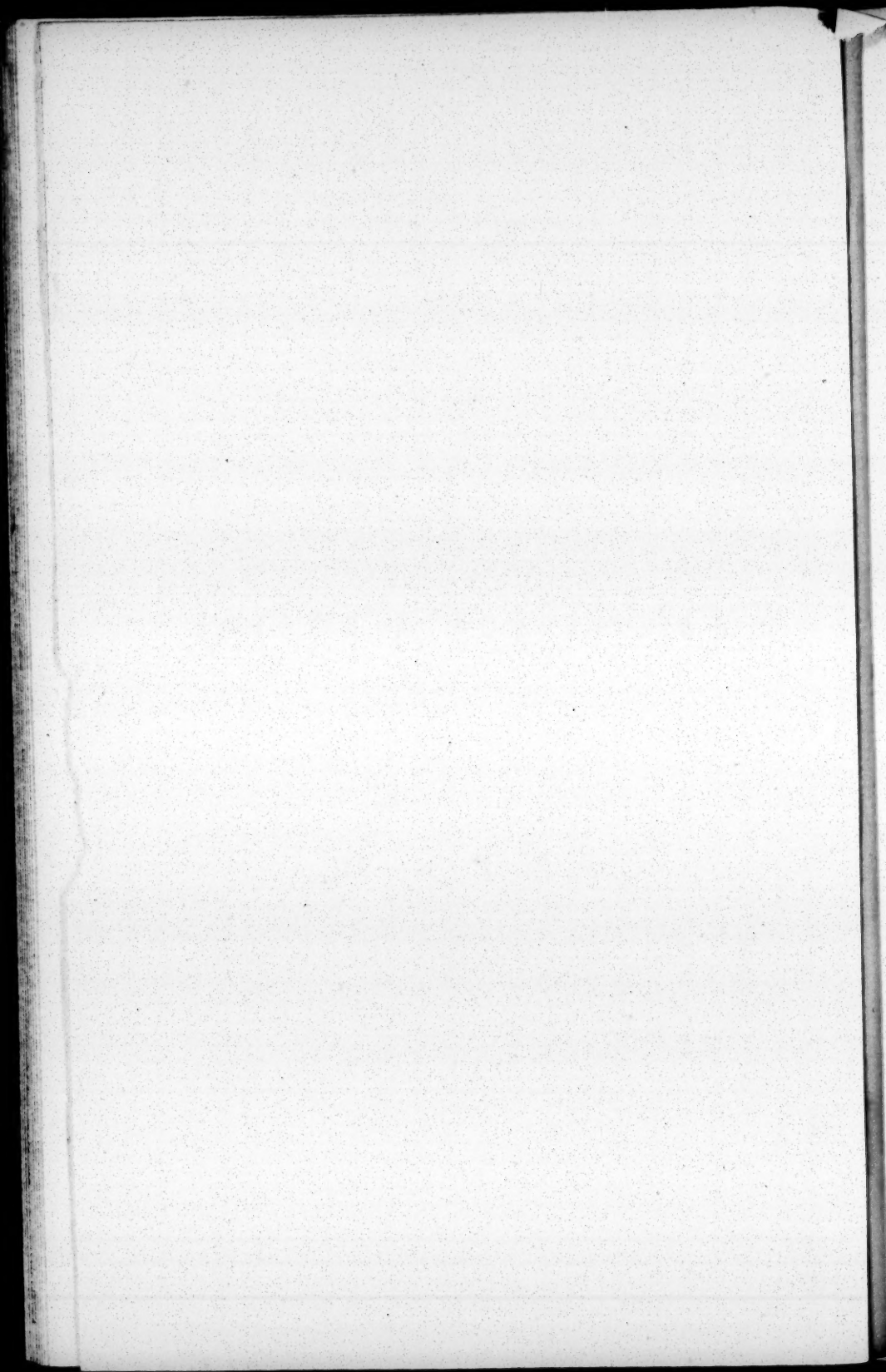
Thus some folks in a fright neglect
To guard the pass of aqueduct.

John now no farther could recite ;
The walk was finish'd for the night,
But the next ev'ning was assign'd,
For telling, what was yet behind,
When mutually 'twas fix'd upon,
That Dick should take a glass with John.

End of the second CANTO.

T H E
CONSULTATION.

C A N T O I I I .





T H E
A R G U M E N T.

*THE Priest appears to Satan's Suit,
And pleads the Gen'ral Issue to't,
Confederates with Gripe to bring
The Fiend, to Bastinadoing,
Who being rescu'd from the Bustle,
By Hostess of the Sh-p and Castle,
Rallies his Force to put an End to
Consultus Gripe, and Reverendo;
O'ercomes th' Attorney in the Strife
And makes the Parson ask his Life.*

TRUE to his word, Dick came, & John,
Resum'd the thread, and thus went on.

Few are these thieves, friend Dick, you know
Who have not some excuse to show

For

60 The CONSULTATION,

For doing the felonious thing,
For which they are condemn'd to swing:

Thus Prelate saw himself suspected,
Or rather found he was detected,
And thief-like tried t' extenuate,
Or justify the purpos'd cheat,
Beginning thus to overreach
The devil, by the pow'r of speech:

Quoth he, great fire thy rage abate;
I merit not so hard a fate:
My conduct past to mind recal,
By that let Prelate stand or fall:
Did you e'er know me backward in
The trade of propogating sin?
Unask'd I gave my rebel crew
(As far as in my pow'r) to you,
Agreed with Duffan, and your son
To lead them to perdition on;
If these unlucky miss'd their aim,
Am I (tis hard) to take the blame!
You'll say perhaps that I was drawn,
And prompted by self int'rest on,
That I was sure enough to gain,
Whatever loss you might sustain:

To

To which I answer—'twas but fair
That I should in the profits share,
And for my motive ;—that's a thing
I might object to questioning ;
A motive sir is no condition,
The act consists in execution.
There's honest Gripe, (and pointed at
'Th' Attorney where he stood or sat)
He serves me, but beyond dispute
The hope of lucre spurs him to't,
The prospect of an ample fee,
Not personal regard for me :
I care not if I gain my ends,
Whether by means of foes or friends,
The cause I mind not, but direct
M' attention still to the effect :

Did ever any mortal take
An highway thief for justice sake?
The profit from his head accruing,
Is the true source of robber's ruin.
F--lding ne'er brought a rogue to light,
But with a view of getting by't ;
If no reward was in the case
Jack Ketch might e'en give up his place:

62 The CONSULTATION.

If foldiers fight, 'tis not their duty,
Or country's love, but scent of booty
Which keeps their spirits up in war,
In spite of fwords, and gunpowder,
And all their courage, and their vengeance,
Is but the effect of minding main chance,
For from the case, abstract the pelf,
The king might take the field by 'mself.

To profit, Cæsar owes his fame ;
He fought not for an empty name,
But thought, when he subdu'd a nation,
On plunder more than reputation.

Old Cato like a mad man cut
With his own knife, or sword his throat,
'Cause Cæsar he foresaw would be
A greater man, by odds, than he,
And fear'd he would not leave a share
O' th' world for him worth living for.

Thus more mankind self-int'rest sways
Than country's good, or love of praise.

But maugre all I've said to show
Self-interest the leading law,

Of

Of ev'ry act the rise, and end,
Th' original of foe and friend;
These instances I but recite
To prove my conduct fair, and right,
If rul'd and actuated by
These prevalent examples, I
Had only got your bus'ness done
Because it chim'd in with my own:
But views like these, shall ne'er disgrace
Me, when a friend is in the case,
For had no int'rest been in view,
I'd stickled up the same for you,
And stood as hearty for the cause,
As now when scent of profit draws:

Now cast fir o'er mankind your eye,
And seek for such a friend as I;
You'll hardly find out in the sequel
For me, in ev'ry point an equal,
Who merely for the sake of evil
Will act as pander to the devil:
Then from your breast, great prince remove
All doubts of my regard and love.——

Now what reward my labour crowns?
For services I'm paid with frowns;

Thus

Thus that poor luckless steward who
Was hung up some few months ago,
Had serv'd *my Lord* extreemly true,
(Almost as well as I've serv'd you)
For which he granted him the grace
Of fairly hanging in his place,
When peerless forgeries supplied
The means to get his friendship tried.

At this close hint, the devil's ire
Just calm'd before, again took fire,
His visage alter'd:—In a trice
His nose grew to a proboscis,
His eyes took flame, his chin sunk low'r,
Nay twice the length it was before,
Two curst horns most rarely horrid
Next took possession of his forehead,
Besides he smelt as if he'd got
The yuck, and brimstone of a Scot,
In short he chang'd from top to toe,
In ev'ry thing except his claw,
And foaming to the mouth gave vent
To's rage in this infernal rant;

Damn'd scoundrel! have I liv'd to see
Comparisons 'twixt lords, and me,

Is Satan to be rank'd with fellows,
Whose necks are forfeit to the gallows?
And only sav'd from this disgrace
By hanging poor rogues in their place,
And who by art and money steal
A respite, (for a while) from hell;
Besides I've things of greater weight
To charge thee with, thou meagre cheat!

Who set up Michael to commence
Hostilities in flock's defence,
To pray, to preach, expound, and cant
More fierce than rumps on covenant,
And controvert my title to
The purchase part of rebel crew,
(As I suppose will be the case
With representative in place)
Answer me this, or on thy person
I'll perfect judgment, boney whoreson!

As Hydra still had heads enough
To stand in stead of those cut off,
By keeping spare ones to supply
(In time of need) a vacancy,
(That is) make good a noddle's post
In war, or by desertion lost;

66 The CONSULTATION,

So priest when one scheme would not stand
 Good, had another under hand
 Immediately to take its place,
 However difficult the case,
 And now thought fit to change his level,
 And fight th' Old Soldier with the devil,
 As the only means he could devise
 To save the threaten'd premises;

Quoth he oh! spare me but a little
 While, and I'll answer ev'ry tittle;
 The hiring Michael, was my act,
 Be't mine to justify the fact;

I ask'd not your advice, 'tis true,
 For why? I thought it needless to,
 I deem'd a meritorious action
 could never give dissatisfaction,
 Besides I own I hop'd to rise
 In your good graces, by surprize,
 And never thought of reprimand
 For acting well, tho' underhand,
 I trust to prove my conduct fair
 B' events and Michael's character,

He'd

He'd rather join his congregation
In drinking, than ejaculation ;
Indeed the scripture he deals out
From pulpit, to the rabble rout,
Which our ecclesiastic law
Obliges him, as curate to,
But whate'er rules he may maintain
There, he abolishes again,
When from the rostrum he descends
And at the pot-house, joins his friends,
Where he by oaths, and stories for
The purpose trump up, dares aver
“ That all religion's but a bubble
“ To give a tender conscience trouble,
“ A bug bear by fanaticks made
“ For benefit of preaching trade ;
“ Asserts the bible a romance,
“ And parcel of extravagance,
“ Of idle stories too absurd
“ For any mortal man's regard ;
“ That Moses when he writ was doting
“ With all the rest so not worth noting”,
And by example proves a bowl
Of more importance than the soul,
A bowl's his time-piece, and the fly
A glass to tell his minutes by,

And oaths between the glasses stand
 In character of moment hand :
 Thus fir you see he minds his cue
 T'instil fuch notions in the crew,
 That in the end you're almost fure
 Of bringing them to your own lure :
 " Example draws where precepts fail"
 The proverb good, you must prevail ;
 In fhort you've all things on your fide
 By making Michael rebel's guide :
 But here, obferve whilst o'er his glasses
 Religion boldly he difgraces,
 He wounds the root of tythe affair,
 And makes my flock the fturdier ;
 For if religion's out of play
 What need to fee the prieft, they fay,
 But maugre all I'll flake my own,
 To get your bufinefs fairly done ;

Befides I've done as great a flight
 In making Crab a profelyte ;
 That Crab I fay (who erftwhile flood
 Up in defence of flefh and blood,
 And in difcharge of facred duty
 Confounded all your plots for booty,)

Now

Now on the former cause turns tail,
And stickles for you tooth and nail,
Herds it with female sinners marry'd,
And loads with horn plebean forehead;
I undertook th' important project
Of conqu'ring him by Stygian logic,
Convinc'd him it was better far
To side with us in tything war,
By which, he'd more advantage reap
Than by his butch'ring calves or sheep;
First parson strok'd his goatish beard
At what I said, and what he heard,
Then humm'd, and mutter'd out "that kind"
A hundred times, then spoke his mind,
(Now that, kind is with Crab a phraze
Nay the best part of what he says)
"I can't your arguments confute
He cry'd "that kind" I'm your recruit:
So renegadoes often sloop,
And yield apostate foreskin up
To Turkish gelders, who cut from it
A decent tit bit for Mahomet,
Because they've greater gains in view
By falling off, than standing to.

The matters which you have been stating
I value not a damn, cry'd Satan,
(Here breaking in) unless you can fir
To these few articles make answer :

On this the fiend produc'd a roll
With following accusations full,
Preamble next he read, and then
With article the first began ;

“ That Reverendo had devis'd
“ Strange notions, and apostatis'd
“ 'Gainst law Satanic, contrary
“ To Satan's peace and dignity.”

Quoth priest it is a groundless slur
On my establish'd character,
Thus to be charg'd in gen'ral manner
As a deserter from your banner.

Satan (in law profoundly skill'd)
Knew gen'ral things of no force held,
Unless particular matters stood
By, to make gen'ral charges good ;
So had provided all things fitting
To give his meagre friend a sweating,

All

All which were in his roll at large
Set down.—Now hear the second charge,

“ That Priest (to come to special crimes)
“ Had Pater Noster’d it at times,
“ And glanc’d his sycophantic eyes,
“ With ugly visage to the skies.

The Prelate now, to save his bacon,
Alledg’d that Satan was mistaken,
Swore he would risk his head upon it
That he no more than once had done it,
And then ’twas with fallacious view,
(Cry’d he to Satan) entre nous,
For holy visage oft cajoles
Poor credulous unthinking souls.

The devil heard th’ extenuation,
Yet still continued accusation.

“ Thirdly—that Reverendo had
“ Of late been charitably mad,
“ For eleemosynary shilling
“ Had sav’d from death, a starving villain.

To which the Prelate swore, that he
Abhor'd the name of charity,
That what he did was with design
Not to relieve but undermine,
And hop'd the devil would get by't
If he assist'd blackguard wight,
Who enter'd volunteer for him,
And vow'd to serve him life and limb :
So when recruiting sergeants come
To town, they march and beat the drum
Then bawl up guinea, and a crown,
And punctual pay the money down
To any one, who'll take the tender
And stand to for the faith's defender.

This answer put the devil to't
Yet he persisted to stand out,
And seem'd infernal grudge to bear
To his recruiting officer ;

“ Fourthly quoth he, thou'lt been so great
“ A fool as to discharge a debt,
“ Merely to save a paltry taylor
“ And cheat my deputy the gaoler.

This

This article, reply'd the priest,
Is but invention at the best,
Or in plain English, 'tis as damn'd
A lye as e'er the devil fram'd,
And like.—At this enraged the fiend
Determin'd on the parson's end,
Extended deadly claw and thought
To've seiz'd the miscreant by the throat;
Which had he done, oh! bare bon'd priest
Thou surely then had'st breath'd thy last,
But chance thought fit to interwene,
And (happy for thee) change the scene.

As Satan made th' attack, a stroke
The dexter side of's noddle broke:
'Th'unwary fiend had laid his claw
On Gripus's disabled toe,
Who thinking it done by intention
Had flank'd him with his wooden flanchion.

The devil stagger'd and turn'd round
In search of him who gave the wound;
Which alter'd his design on priest,
And sav'd him (for the time at least)
And on the pettifogger set
For foll'wing cause,—videlicet,

When

When K——I first saw lawyer level,
 And play with cudgel on the devil,
 He'd rose in haste, in hopes to stop
 The fray, and make the matter up,
 Stretch'd out his hand to turn the stick
 Just in the instant that Old Nick
 Turn'd as above to reconnoitre
 The post of scoundrel ambush fighter,
 Who seeing K——I with his hand
 In act, and got on forkled end,
 Immediately drew this conclusion
 That he was author of confusion,
 So sentenc'd without hesitation
 His face, to suffer mutilation,
 To wit, did cruelly propose
 To take by storm his noble nose;
 No sooner was its dissolution
 Design'd, than fiend for execution
 Prepar'd, and fell like sturdy bear
 To hugging nose of scrivener,
 Which in the fray by hellish wrench
 Had been demolish'd root and branch,
 Had not Old Gripe fall'n to't again
 To rescue affidavit man:

The lawyer seeing fiend prevail,
Laid instant dead hitch on his tail,
With mischievous design to tear
The hellish ensign from his rear ;

On this the devil bellow'd out,
And granted furlow to the snout,
Sprung round to free his rear from wrong,
Which from his chair the lawyer flung,
Who, maugre the infernal jirk,
Still kept his hold, and ply'd his work ;
When Satan glancing eyes upon
The deadly vermin holding on,
Clench'd hellish fist ; but all in vain,
He could not lodge the blow for pain,
But rais'd a most infernal yell,
And damn'd alternate Gripe and tail :
So (when his paw is grip'd) a cur
First tries to bring his teeth to bear,
But finding his endeavours vain,
He falls to screeching might, and main.

The priest mean while got rid of fear,
And, seeing Gripe in Satan's rear,
Thought this the time to join his friend,
And struggle to defeat the fiend.

On

On this he play'd the trusty Trojan,
For seizing the attorney's bludgeon,
With it, he instant onset made
On heedless Satan's shoulder blade,
Who, with the desp'rate blow quite stagger'd,
Damn'd parson for canonick black-guard,
But quickly chang'd to milder tone
Design'd to bring a parley on,
He found himself o'er power'd in fight,
His head and tail in woeful plight,
And stifled for a while his wrath,
In hopes to gain fresh time and breath,
He try'd by fair words to prevail o'er
The parson, and his rump's fell gaoler;
But all his stratagems to gain
A respite from the foe, prov'd vain,
Who (crafty as the fiend himself)
Saw through the whole views of the elf,
And now, whilst he seem'd hard put to't,
Resolved to follow the dispute;
So trusty gen'als, when a slight,
Advantage they obtain in fight,
With double rage their work they ply
'Till adversaries yield or fly.

Thus

Thus did the wily Gripe persist in
Distorting of the tail, and twisting,
Whilst prelate, grown as fierce and bold,
On dexter horn of foe laid hold,
At which, he pull'd with all his might,
And tugg'd by turns from left to right,
'Till Satanus in desp'rate fray
To dire necessity gave way,
Exhausted all his force and strength,
He on the floor stretch'd out his length:

Thus two dogs when they're turn'd at large
On baited bull, at both ends charge;
This to the front, and that advances
To th' rear, or its appurtenances;
The hinder warrior aims to ravage
Posteriors of unruly savage,
That his confederate before
May turn him like the devil o'er;
The goblin (when himself, he found
Incumber'd thus, and pinn'd to ground)
Bellow'd and made such hellish din,
As brought virago hostess in,
Moll Niggle, who on Mars's side,
In many a skirmish had been try'd,

And

And who'd i' th' bed of honour fall
 For Cupid's sake, with heart and soul;
 Intrepidly she march'd before,
 And led a monster to the war,
 Gomorrah hight, her only hope,
 Whose neck was debtor to the rope,
 Who long had occupy'd the trade
 Of doing business *retrograde*.

Not far towards the desp'rate fight
 The Heroine, and the Catamite
 Had march'd to lend an helping hand
 To th' weaker side,—to wit,—the fiend,
 Who ceas'd not loudly to bewail
 The fortunes of his head and tail,
 E'er both of them were tumbled o'er,
 And brought to level with the floor.

Unlucky chance had led them on
 To trip o'er affidavit man,
 Who whilst the priest, and gripe engag'd
 With fiend and furious battle wag'd,
 Had from the bottle swigg'd a dose
 On the deliv'ry of his nose;

Thus,

Thus, when your pious papists hap
Some hair breadth danger to escape,
They roar Te Deum; but a whetter
As scriv'ner thought, was ten times better,
Nothing he deem'd kept spirits up
So well as a refreshing cup,
For cowards he had often seen
By tippie chang'd to valiant men,
Of which, whilst thus he kept aloof
He'd taken more than quantum stuff:
Which laid him prostrate on the floor
A stumbling block (as said before.)

Moll Niggle from her fall and fright
Recover'd quick and rush'd to fight
Without once deigning to look round
To see what brought her to the ground;

On th' other hand, her *vig'rous* son
Feeling himself got *strangely on*
Th' *incumber'd* pettifogger's back,
Made on his rear a *fierce attack*;
Where *charging* him a *posteriori*
We leave him, and pursue our story.

As has been seen before—the fiend
 B'ing down with foe at either end,
 To his assistance boldly came
 With two good fists the warrior dame,
 The first she met with, was the Prelate,
 Whom with th' afore said fists she fell at
 With blows, and dealt such deadly ones
 As if she meant to break his bones :

Not Slack, that bruiser, could impart,
 Or lodge his blows with greater art,
 Nor Broughton be a surer actor
 Tho' hir'd by Satan, or by Proctor.

On this, Priest thought it necessary
 To turn, and face fresh adversary ;
 So quitted horn, in order to
 Have both hands, to dispute the foe,
 Who, vers'd in all the wiles of fight,
 Resolv'd to close with sable knight,
 Because his longer arm she knew,
 Could deal out more o' th' black and blue
 At distance, than could her's b'ing short,
 And not contriv'd so aptly for't:
 For this, her left hand seiz'd the ear,
 Of priest, and held him prisoner,

While

C A N T O III.

31

While th' other formidable fift
She to his long spun phyz addrest,
And now a furious contest rose,
The Priest return'd her blows for blows,
A storm of strokes on either side
Were to nose, eyes, and mouth applied,
And teeth too weak to stand it out
Were put instanter to the rout:

Hard by the fiend and Gripe were to 't
With all the rage of hand and foot;

Dame vic'try now, o'er scene of battle
(As if she knew not where to settle)
Hover'd about, whilst kicks and blows
Prevail'd amidst contesting foes,
Confusion, tumult, hope, despair
And all the various works of war,
'Till fortune deign'd to be her guide;
And pointed out with whom to side.

Satanus from the warlike Priest,
No sooner found himself releas'd,
Than from the floor in haste he sprung,
Determin'd to revenge the wrong,

F

The

2 The CONSULTATION.

The outrages, and foul disgraces,
Committed on his frontier places.

The prostrate member of the law
Quick he began to clapper claw,
In such sad guise, as if he'd been
Resolv'd to rid him of his skin,
And flay him from the top to th' toe,
As Whilom was faint Bar'lemew.

Mean while old gripe with feet invalid,
Finding the enemy had rallied,
Attack'd him in despite of pain,
In hopes to get him down again;
But tir'd in the infernal squabble
To do great feats, he was unable;
While on the rump, he kept his Hitch,
His feet assail'd the goblin's Breech,
But toes podagrick could not brook
The lodging a decisive stroke,
And all the kicks he there applied
The devil at his bum defied.

A badger thus, when dogs attack
Tumbles directly to his back,

With

With war-like mouth, and paws upright
He carries on the desp'rate fight,
Better by odds, than e'er he cou'd
If fairly on all fours he stood,
'Till wearied out, and mangled fore,
Poor badger can perform no more,
Than parry with his crippled paws,
And cry for quarter in the close;

Thus far'd th' attorney in dispute
Fierce as before, tho' not so stout:

At length reflecting on the plight
To which, he was reduc'd in fight,
His hopes of conquest gone to ruin;
The fiend his deadly work pursuing,
Began within himself to ponder
If 'twere not safer to knock under,
And put an end to castigation,
By pitiful vociferation,
Than as ally to fable friend
Contest it longer with the fiend;
Resolv'd at length, a piteous groan
Enough to pierce an heart of stone
He issued forth, and next he tried
His tongue, and fault'ring thus he cried,

Oh! Satan spare thy wretched slave,
And be as merciful as brave;
No longer I maintain the strife,
Oh! grant me quarter, grant me life.

Caitiff, return'd th' enraged fiend,
"Dost thou, dost thou, to grace pretend?"
Dost thou for life, and quarter sue,
And keep my rump in bondage too?
To be releas'd upon condition
I ween, of granting thy petition,
Canst thou conceive thou rebel trash,
I'll spare thy wretched and vile flesh;
Which doubly glutton, is my due
By conquest, and by purchase too;
Whilst thou persist'st in holding fast
My rump a pris'ner to the last;
No.—I'm resolv'd to execute
My vengeance, since thou'lt forc'd me to't:

Here Gripe with fearful pannic seiz'd,
Let go his hold, and tail releas'd,
And to the ground his visage bent,
In hopes the devil would relent,
And for past services he'd done him
Have some sort of compassion on him.

Soon

Soon as the foe th' attorney spied
Thus humbled low, and mortified,
The hellish tempest of his rage
Began by littles to assuage,
He deem'd it better to forgive
His past misdeeds, and let him live,
As he might still be of prodigious
Service to him with folk litigious,
Who eas'd by Gripus of their pelf
Might in the end apply t' himself,
And pawn and dip their carcases
For pudding time advantages ;
And as in any future times
He might take cognizance of 's crimes,
If he again should act the rebel,
And join in any priestly cabal ;
In short he put immediate stop
To tearing his attorney up,
Upon condition that his fist
Rebell'd no more in cause of priest.

Now turn we to the scriv'ner's fate,
Who somewhat settled in the pate
At length was waken'd by the fright-
ful *Efforts* of the catamite,

Who, *firmly* on his back *indorsed*,
Was *perpetrating* feats *aforesaid* :

No sooner K——I found out what
Backsliding foe was *driving* at,
Then up he rous'd himself to shake
The *vile incumbrance* from his *back*,
And poor Gomorrah in the fray
At length to K——I's rage gave way,
Who with *sinister* hand in haste
Attack'd his throat, and close embrac'd,
Which serv'd him likewise for a prop
To keep his stagg'ring carcase up,
Whilst th' other was reserv'd to thump
Him on behalf of *injur'd Rump*.

But now Gomorrah 'gan to roar
For mercy of the conqueror,
And kept to th' full as great a stir
As Orsin for the loss of's bear,
Which thaw'd the pettifogger so
That he was 'bout to leave him go,
When in that instant: a fell stroke
The progress of his pitty broke;

C A N T O III.

Gomorrhah fearing pray'rs would be
 Of no force with the enemy,
 Resolv'd to stand in's own defence
 Let what would be the consequence,
 And if occasion offer'd fair
 Be foremost to renew the war;
 Forthwith he cautiously began
 T' observe our affidavit man,
 To find out what place was the best
 To greet him in, with stroke the first
 And seeing all beneath his navel
 Unfortified, he took dead level,
 And instantly dispatch'd a blow,
 Full in th' head quarters of the foe,
 Which charged with all the force he had,
 Made K——l cry, and twist like mad,
 And instantaneously renew'd
 His vengeance and his thirst of blood:
 Thus some men of prodigious spirit,
 When backside's kick'd they scorn to bear it,
 Because their honor some aver
 Is for the most part seated there,
 Which, kick'd out thus from 'forefaid seat,
 Flies upwards and disturbs the pate,
 Nor will permit them to accord
 On any terms, but fire or sword,

508 The CONSULTATION.

Which must decide the hot dispute
 'Twixt injur'd bum, and culprit's foot :
 Not that much honor scriv'ner wore
 Either in 's hind parts, or his fore,
 And you might kick forever e'er,
 Light on a grain of honour there ;
 But 'twas th' excess of grief and pain,
 That rous'd his rage and turn'd his brain :

Thus he as fierce as any Tartar
 Stood resolutely bent to martyr,
 And sacrifice the catamite,
 Who was no more to him in fight,
 Than any half starv'd London taylor
 Compar'd to Hercules for valour ;
 He seiz'd and put him to confusion,
 And was going on to execution,
 When bold Moll Niggle chanc'd to spy
 Her son in doleful jeopardy ;
 Sore griev'd she ran she flew at K——l,
 And left the prelate to the devil,
 And to make sure work with the foe,
 With 'foresaid bottle arm'd her paw,
 With which the outside of his skull
 She furiously began to mawl,

And

And quickly level'd with the floor
Her routed son's fell conqueror,
Where (all advantages pursuing)
She plied the foe with mortal ruin,
Contusions sable eyes, and fractures,
(Rare jobs for JUSTICES and *doctors*)
While shock'd with bacchanalian bludgeon
The sturdy scriv'ners soul in dudgeon,
Thought it extreamly just and right
To skulk away from scene of fight;
For sleep had now begun to shed
Its peaceful influence round his head,
And with it's *usual* opiates fill
The vacant cranies of his skull:

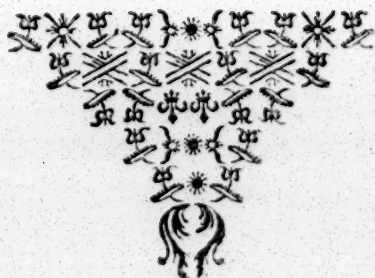
Whilst thus the amazonian dame
Was batt'ring K--v--l's mortal frame,
The fiend and priest fierce battle wag'd,
And hotly hand to hand engaged;
But prelate half o'ercome before
By furious hostess in the war,
Could not pretend to stand it out
With Satan in a second bout,
So finding all his efforts vain
His sinking fortune to sustain,

He

90 The CONSULTATION,

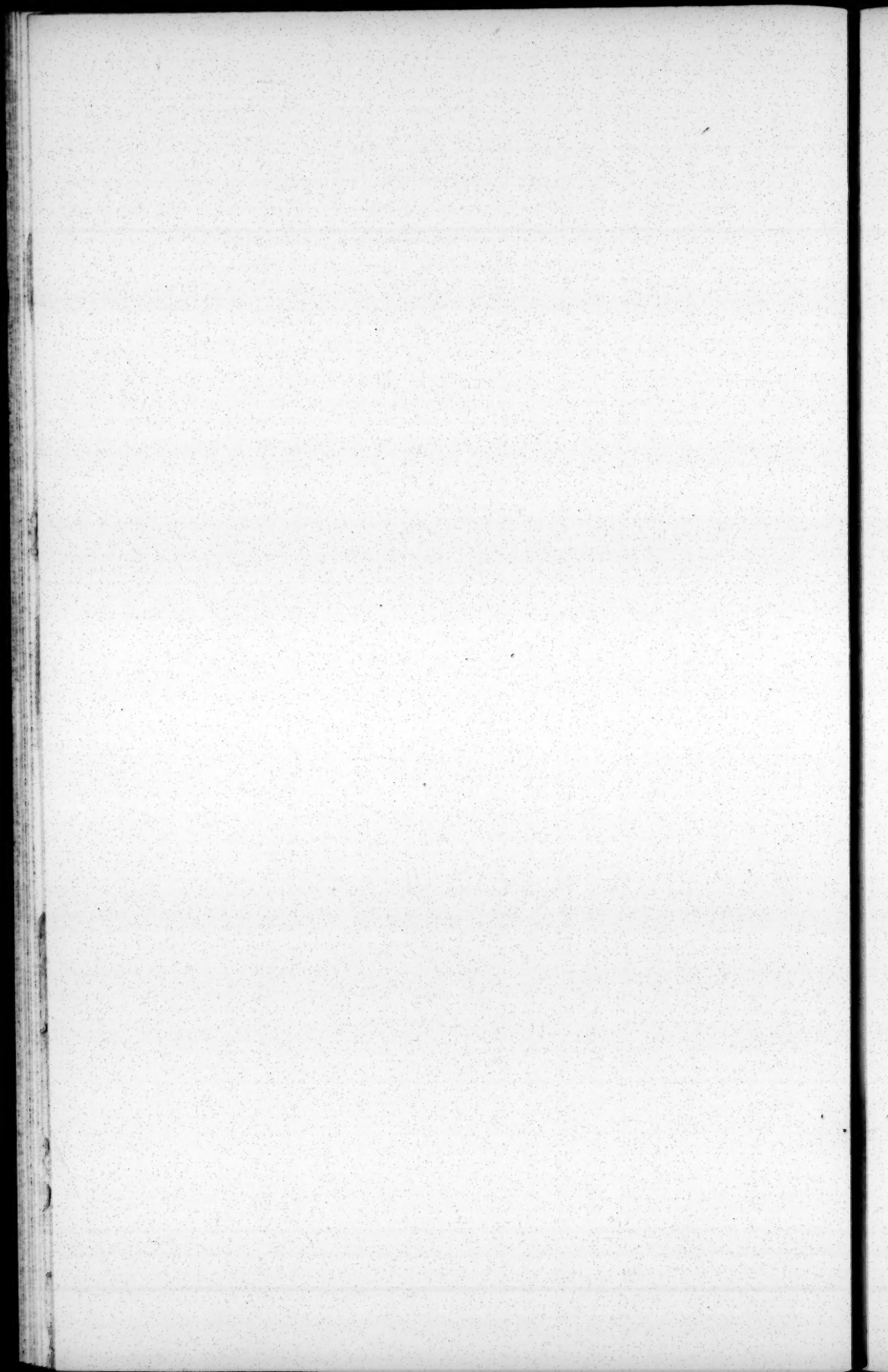
He sued for peace for self and posse
With suppl'ant hands et viva voce,
Not knowing that his first lieutenant
Had been oblig'd to strike his pennant.

End of the third CANTO.



THE
CONSULTATION.

CANTO IV.





T H E
A R G U M E N T.

*REv'rendo pardon'd by the Devil
Turns round and reconoitres K—l,
Stretch'd out as Dead upon the Floor
By th' Amazonian conqueror,
On this are call'd a Brace of Doctors,
Who make hot Work 'bout Wounds and Fractures
Are kick'd to Doors. A friendly chat,
On Tythe Affairs, succeeds debate;
A jovial Glas inspires, and Gripe,
To please the Junto, tunes his Pipe.*

NO history, nor age (I dare say)
E'er blam'd a man for shewing mercy,
Tho' at the same time understood
To be against his pocket's good,
Then certainly he must be right,
Who's merciful to profit by't,

Who

Who, when a vanquish'd wretch he spares,
Can by it aid his own affairs.

Thus Satan, on the parson's pray'r,
Deem'd it most prudent to forbear,
And granted respite to the Priest
From deadly works of horny fist,
Not by compassion urg'd thereto,
But by a more prevailing view :
(Self int'rest of his rage took place,
As see his reas'ning on the case)
(For that same doctrine fiends maintain
Almost as strenuously, as man)

Quoth he to'mself, to put an end to
This ragamuffin Reverendo,
Would be the ready way to ruin
The scheme I've been so long pursuing,
Without his help can I go through-
Stitch with the jurisdiction crew,
Or carry off the stubborn prize
Unaided by his subtilties :
No——If the parson goes to pot,
So consequently must my plot.

Thus

Thus ponder'd Satan for a while
At length began——Thou varlet vile
Thou paltry wretch, rascallion base,
Thou rogue as great as ever was ;
For once thy impudence lay by,
And judge the case impartially.

Haft thou not broke thy faith, and reason-
Ed boldly in defence of treason,
And breach of promise justified,
Because events are on thy side.

Did'st thou not take thy present journey
On purpose to consult th' attorney ?

Haft thou not lugg'd me up from hell
To fuck (as th' proverb says) a bull,
And trumpt up ways and means t' impose
On me, and lead me by the nose,
Not with intention I conceive,
(Nay am convinc'd on't too) to save
For surely thou art ne'er design'd
To do that service to mankind ?

Have I not felt the weighty timber
O' th' lawyer's artificial member ?

Did'st

Didst thou not like a ruffian dare
To beard me in rebellious war,
And most incorrigibly fasten
Thyself upon my princely person,
And league with Gripus to assail
My horns, whilst he besieg'd my tail?

Did'st thou not when I roar'd for quarter
Persist to tear me like a martyr;
'Till fortune turn'd the scale in fight,
And sent old Moll and Catamite
To rescue me from mortal drubs
Of two such bloody minded scrubs.

How then, vile stinkard, canst thou hope
I'll put the claws of vengeance up,
When thou deserv'st an harder fate,
Than ever rogue experienc'd yet:
In Britain when a Traytor's taken
Not all the world can save his bacon,
His noddle smear'd with pitch or tar
Is doom'd to grin on Temple Bar.

In Portugal, in France, and Spain,
Thou know'st, they're handled worse again,

Beheading

Beheading will not serve them there,
The loyal subjects groul and swear.
Nor think them put in proper trim
Unless they're sever'd limb from limb :

What prudent monarch e'er would save
The life of a rebellious knave ;
How then fir can it be expected
That I should spare the disaffected ;
Besides should I forgive, I ween
Thou'dst act the same part o'er again,
And draw fresh vengeance on thy head
Already doubly forfeited.

Here Rev'rendo thought it meet
To cast himself at Satan's feet,
He begg'd for pardon o'er and o'er
And grinning most devoutly swore
To stand by th' devil to the last,
And do whatever he thought best,
And doubted not but to attone
In time, for all the ills he'd done,
Acquit himself to's satisfaction,
If he'd allow him time for action.

Quoth Satanus) if safely I
 Might on thy promises rely,
 I should not scruple to forgive
 My quandum representative;
 For of all men I ever try'd
 To serve me, thou'rt best qualify'd.
 In short the devil in th' event
 Forgave the Parson militant;
 But first insisted that th' Attorney
 Should take with him infernal journey,
 By way of bail or hostage for
 The future faith of 's minister.

This hint no sooner reach'd the ear
 Of Gripe, then he began to stare,
 And roll his eyes like one possess'd
 Of twenty Devils, at the least;

He would have pleaded to reverse,
 But that his mouth speech hung an arse,
 His tongue at this important pinch
 Refus'd in 's cause to stir an inch.

No sooner saw the vanquish'd priest
 His great oath taker thus distress'd,

Than

Than he began to rack his brain
For means to get him off again;
At length th' abetter of perdition
He thus accosted with submission;

Tho' prudence fir no doubt directed
You in the choice o' th' scheme projected,
Yet in true politicks you'd fail
I ween, in taking Gripe for bail;
Great fire, to prove my point the better
Allow me time, I'll state the matter.

Here A.—Has some great thing to do,
Too much for one, enough for two,
On this he sets himself to find
A brace of agents to his mind,
And having fix'd on X, and Y,
(Which by the way are Gripe and I)
The work is ply'd with double art,
And force and fortune play'd their part;
Now let friend A—dismiss but one,
Altho' the work be half way done,
T'other may struggle might and main,
And yet be beaten back again,

100 THE CONSULTATION,

Thus Gripus and myself you know,
 Have laid our heads together too,
 We've toil'd to serve you day and night,
 And some advantages gain'd by't,
 Than why would Satan from my side
 Remove a man so often try'd,
 In the cajoling art so skill'd,
 He's scarcely by myself excell'd;

A true bred coachman and postill-
 ion drive their carr'age as they will,
 While Jack old Jehu's call obeys,
 And each in time his art displays,
 But if short coated Jack forsakes
 Tremenduous Jehu on the box,
 He can't for all his skill and pains
 Manage his half o' dozen reins.

Thus Gripus and myself combind,
 He drove before and I behind;
 What I directed, he obey'd;
 In short we lent our mutual aid
 To bring to your long wish'd subjection
 The rabble race of disaffection:
 Now sir, if Gripus goes as bail,
 How shall we afterwards prevail,

When

When there is none to oath it out,
But th' petty affidavit lout,
Unless old Cain that hairbrain'd wight,
When he is got in swearing plight;

Can any man however great
Two sturdy parishes defeat?
No sir— If he's carr'd off, 'tis plain,
Whats gotten must be lost again,
Since work enough for both, we've had,
For why— The cause— The cause is bad.

Brave Marlborough that warrior staunch
Had ne'er so often mawl'd the french,
If in the middle of a fray,
H'ad drawn his army half away,
And left but one half of the troop
To combat with the sons of soup.

Enough (quoth Satanus) I see,
Thou'rt arm'd with reasons cap a pe,
Thou art the most compleat logician,
That ever bore a fiend's commission,
And maugre all thy rogueries past,
I'll respite Gripe on thy request,

102 The CONSULTATION,

He shall in statu quo stand by,
Whilft on thy bare word I rely.

On hearing what the devil said,
Gripe ev'ry sign of joy display'd,
He turn'd and wrigg'l'd in the chair,
And fat up his peculiar sneer,
Whilft Prelate gratefully bow'd low
T' embrace the devil's dexter claw,
When a deep groan assail'd his ear
From stomach of the scrivener,
On this the Parson turn'd his head
To see from whence it issued,
And seeing the illfated youth
Streach'd out supinely on his mouth,
With blood and other garbage grim,
He thus exclaim'd to what vile trim
Is th' affidavit journeyman
Reduc'd by Niggle and her son?
I fear, fir Satanus, we've lost
One stout night errant of the post.

Thus having spoken he advanc'd
T' th' place where scriv'ner lay entranc'd
To take a nearer view o' th' plight,
And circumstances of the wight,

Who'd

Who'd obstinately kept his place
(To wit) lain flat upon his face,
I' the midst of cursed fray and rout
Not quite in 's senses nor quite out:
From the time old Moll had knock'd him down
With 'fore said bottle, I go on.

Altho' the fiend had been at logger-
Heads with the drunken pettyfogger,
He now relented to explore
His carcase streach'd upon the floor,
And thus with goblin like grimace
Began to speak.—I hope the case
Is not so bad, but firs I ween,
'tis fit to call a doctor in
Or Surgeon or apothecary,
Which you shall deem most necessary,
But yet I must acknowledge, I
Have no good thought o' th' faculty,
Tho' I'm so bountifully paid
By them for licenſing the trade,
Nor willingly would trust my friends
T' th' mercy of their drugs and hands,
While there were hopes of life; but here,
I think, we have not much to fear!

104 The CONSULTATION,

As we shall stand by for prevention
Of any murderous intention,
Therefore for once we'll try their skill,
If they can save as well as kill:
For all you know, friend Reverendo,
Would do for the best, that's all they can do.

By accident a doctor may
Reanimate the scriv'ner's clay,
By chance may save the life of K——1
As well's a blindman kill a devil;
As an old proverb says to show
What chance, mere chance may sometimes do.

Here Satan ceas'd to speak and next
Gripe thus began to sift the text.

If fir t' a surgeon you'd apply,
I know a brace, who live hard by,
Who're counted hereabout as good,
As e'er gave physick or drew blood,
And who'll, if any mortal can,
Relieve our affidavit man;
For not confin'd to play the surgeon
They act the doctor too and purge on,

And

And are, just as the case may be,
The one or t'other for a fee.

Send for them strait, return'd the fiend,
But give their names my honest friend.

One's name'd Barabbas Gripe reply'd,
The other fir, is Homicide.

Quoth Satanus, what Hom'cide fir?
Oh!—Homicide the batchelor,
Yes, yes, and friend Barabbas to,
Whom I remember long ago
The same, who vig'rously did wrestle
With hostess there of Ship and Castle,
And left his breeches and his case
Of instruments upon the place
By way of monuments to prove
His admiration and his love.

This said immediately the junto
A messenger procur'd and sent to
Both surgeons, who with best dispatch
For Ship and Castle 'gan to stretch,
Where having reach'd the hostile quarter
In which the scriv'ner lay a martyr,

First

First laboured with prodigious fears
 At seeing Satan unawares,
 'Till he to both himself address'd,
 "Sirs hearing that you were the best
 And ablest workmen hereabout,
 And having this hard job afoot
 (I mean to view the mortal state
 Of this same victim of debate,)

We've sent for you so you'll proceed
 T'inspect his carcase and his head,
 If ye can save him by your skill,
 I value not how long your bill,
 And well ye know't has ne'er been said
 The Devil left his debts unpaid.

Barabbus grinn'd, and answer'd thus
 'Tis happy fir y' apply'd to us,
 If any man in this partic'lar
 Instance can raise him perpendic'lar
 That Hom'icide and myself can do
 As well—I might say better too.

Here Hom'icide would have cut him short
 Design'd I ween to speak his part
 And shew what learning he'd in store,
 But Satanus would hear no more,

And

And begg'd they'd not persist to chatter
But search the merits of the matter.

So Homicide his speech set by
For 'nother opportunity,
Whilst long Barabb prepar'd himself
To obey the mandates of the elf.

And having turn'd himself about
Tow'rds K—l, swore his brains were out.

And Doctor Hom'cide countenanc'd,
What t'other Doctor had advanc'd,
Pronouncing as he ken'd him o'er;
“ I never saw such brains before,
“ Nor ever dreamt that scriv'ner's skull
“ Was furnish'd half so plentiful.”

Indeed the quantum makes me doubt
(Cr'd Satan) if they're brains or not
And to speak truth I rather think
H'as turn'd adrift his meat and drink.

Now Homicide on nearer view
Perceiv'd the fiend's suspicion true,

He

108 The CONSULTATION,

He saw the desp'rate exhibition
Was nought but stomach amunition
O' th' scrivener, with which h'ad parted
And not his brain as he'd asserted.

On this he bow'd and own'd the elf
Had hit it better than himself.

Quoth he, at first I took it for
The patients noddle furniture,
But now things plainly indicate
It ne'er had lodging in his pate
The colour made me think it brain
The smell on't sets me right again :

Now though our surgeon hodge podge doctor
Had been quite out in his conjecture
As oftentimes (if folks say true)
Had been the case beforehand too ;

He could dispute as logically
In argument as Raymond Lully
On themes of the abstrusest nature,
And yet know nothing of the matter ;

He

He could decypher and find out
Inscriptions on a gallipot,
Greek labels too he could expound
Not by his learning, but the sound,
He chymically understood
Th' analysis of flesh and blood
Large fees he could obtain for dust
Extracted from a rotten post,
And tell by visage diagnostic
When debauchee requir'd a caustic
Or in hard words prescribed a dose
Of his pernicious quid pro quo's;
He was so skilful that by heart
He'd all the cramp terms of his art,
Which stock of learning he dealt out
Pell Mell as magpies talk by rote
But knew as little what it meant
As those he to the churchyard sent
Who by his quack'ry led astray
Enhanc'd the thriving Sexton's pay.

Anatomies he had hung up
By way of setting forth his shop
From which he could atchieve great glory
By lect'ring on memento mori

In

110 The CONSULTATION.

In one day he could slay more men,
Than Alexander could in ten
In short our surgeon had great skill in
His art—videlicet—in killing,

But to return, th' impatient devil
Grown anxious for the fate of K——l
Bellow'd a peremptory charge on
Barabb: and his confed'rate surgeon
T'investigate the scriveners
Head broken in pursuit of scars,
But first of all to lift his noddle
Out of the miserable puddle:

Hom'cide obedient turn'd at once
Towards the pettifogger's scone
Designing instantly to do
What Satan had enjoyn'd him to
But casually his eyes he set
Where bottle had before hand hit,
On which he cry'd—oh! oh! I've found
The place, here 'tis, see here's the wound
As vile a fracture fir I fear
As e'er befel a scrivener.

Thus

Thus said he call'd for a deterging
Injection on his brother surgeon,
The better to find out complexion
O' th' wound, and fit it for inspection.

Barabbas now advancing made
In actual survey of the head ;
—Ay here's the place (quoth he) 'tis true
A desp'rate fissure Entre nous:

A fissure fir!—I wish it was
(Cry'd Homicide with rueful face)
Look sharper to't, I b'lieve you'll find
A fracture of the compound kind,
When skull is broken in like his here
Will you maintain 'tis but a fissure,
The stock laid in by deglutition
(I mean his stomach ammunition)
Disgorg'd in such unseemly way
Confirms the truth of what I say:

Barabbas snuff'd cock'd his hat
And pray (quoth he) fir what of that?
I well remember I had once
A patient with a fissur'd sconce,

He

He vomitted at such a pace
 His guts could hardly keep their place
 And so you see my learned brother
 Your proof suits one as well as t'other.

Here the chirurgion Homicide
 A little in the dumps reply'd.

“ 'Tis held not half so bad to make
 As to persist in the mistake,
 Yet every ignorant pretender
 First makes then justifies the blunder :

When fractur'd heads are in the case,
 Master Barabbas should give place,
 And be content to scrutinize
 Dissections of the legs and thighs.

Barabbas quick rejoin'd you sneer
 At shatter'd thighs then, do you sir,
 A fractur'd femur to restore
 It to the state it was before,
 Beyond a doubt my learned friend,
 Requires at least as nice an hand
 As fractur'd skulls of any species
 Nay even if they're knock'd to pieces.

Quoth

Quoth Homicide, I don't deny
 It's hard to mend a broken thigh,
 And 'gainst your merit in that way,
 Have nothing in the world to say,
 But here your notions clash with mine
 As acid does with Alkaline;
 You have affirm'd tis nothing but
 A fissure in the sinciput,
 No doubt e'er long you'll make a shift
 To prove it is a counter cleft,
 But you'll allow sir when we rummage
 His wound, and scrutinize the damage,
 That nothing can preserve his life,
 But Trepanum and scalping knife,
 Yet you'd infer his skull was made
 Of stuff as maleable as lead,
 Like your own pericranium thick
 Enough to brave an oaken stick.

Now sir be patient if you please
 And only let me state the case.

The cutis of the craniums flay'd
 and lacerated from his head;
 The flesh inflam'd and bruise'd from his
 Ear to the os sincipitis,

H

And

114 The CONSULTATION.

And garnish'd so with black and blue
 As if 'twas mortifying too ;
 Besides all this a most severe
 Contusion round about his ear
 The masseter and os jugale
 Are almost beaten to a jelly,
 Perhaps the dura mater may
 Have been a sufferer in the fray,
 And ruptures there are understood
 To cause extravasated blood ;
 In such a plight, depend upon 't,
 He ne'er can get the better on't :
 Bruis'd from auriculæ elevator
 To alæ nasi dilatator
 Observe too how in groans and sobs
 He speaks the anguish of his drubs.

Barabbas prick'd with fore vexation
 No longer could contain his passion,
 But thus exclaim'd aloud discharging
 His fury on the other surgeon :

Did ever man of common sense
 Betray such gothic ignorance,
 Your arguments by no means suit
 The learned subject in dispute,

You

You talk most enigmatically;
 What's masseter or os jugale
 Or alæ nasi dilatator
 To sinciput and dura mater,
 And as for sobbing most men keep
 A snuffing when they go to sleep.

Besides instead of preaching on
 The subject of a fractur'd bone,
 You've lectur'd largely and display'd
 One hemisphere of scriv'ner's head
 Contusions, fractures by the gross
 From sinciput to nasi os.

Now Homicide distracted mad
 With rage his countenance turn'd red,
 And seem'd most obstinately bent
 On satisfaction for the affront,
 He now began to swear and curse
 His eyeballs flam'd like Phosphorus
 Th' assassination fist he rear'd
 Clinch'd all in order, and prepar'd
 For battle, but in time restrain'd
 From action the impatient hand
 Fearing Barabbas in a bout
 Of handy cuffs might be too stout :

116 The CONSULTATION,

On this his plan of operation
 He chang'd resolv'd to vent his passion,
 In all its fury at the mouth,
 And instantly it thus broke forth.

Thou wretched wight, thou paltry cattle
 As e'er provok'd a surgeon's mettle!
 Thou quandum alderman in station
 Disfranchis'd by the Corporation,
 Thou scum o' th' faculty as fatal
 As arsenick or the sword in battle!
 Whose shop is furnish'd out with doses
 Sure finishers of mortal courses,
 The dregs and offalls (well I ween)
 Swept from a druggist's magazine,
 And to thy baleful hands consign'd
 To play the devil with mankind,
 A slaughter house, a shambles where
 Leg bones are hung up in saltier,
 By way as I presume of token
 That thou refittest up legs broken,
 Or that thou'st some peculiar art
 In *handling* that, or neigh'bring part,
 And troth I think thou'rt right in't too,
 For many an act of thine can shew

That

That for one leg in doleful case
Thou'lt help'd the owner to a brace.

And can'it thou then vile botcher hope
In argument with me to cope,
Successfully to hold dispute,
When nought but madness spurs thee to't,
When thou scarce know'it the definition
Of one o' th' terms in thy profession.

Barabbas now no longer cou'd
Keep down the rage of flesh and blood,
But seem'd to've half a mind to cane
The jack in office alderman :

When Satanus perceiving blows
Engend'ring, stept betwixt the foes,

Quoth he, ye murd'ers hold your babble,
Is this a time to make a squabble,
When K——I scarcely in the pother
His soul and body keeps together?
Had he from this mischance been free,
Ye should fight and be damn'd for me,
See if his noddle's situation
Is too far past for reparation.

118 The CONSULTATION,

This far from silencing dispute,
Render'd both surgeons more accute
That is inclin'd them rather more
To bloodshed, than they were before.

As Hom'cide thought, he'd now a chance
What he'd affirm'd to countenance,
And by a practical conclusion
To put Barabbas to confusion.

In terms exulting, thus he cry'd
Who's right or wrong shall soon be try'd;
Since we're permitted by the devil
To overhaul the skull of K——l,
Let scalping knife and perforator
Immediately decide the matter:

With all my heart reply'd Barabb:
I've no objection to the job,
We'll scalp his cranium in a hurry
And perf'rate too if necessary;

He said and drew his weapons on
Th' aforesaid affidavit man,
Calling on Hom'cide in the mean
While to assist him and strike in.

Immediately

Immediately this worthy pair
Of surgeons seiz'd the scrivener,
And were about t' apply the tool
To feat of war (to wit) the skull,
When Gripe hopp'd forth and made a motion
To stay th' oath taker's execution ;

And Satanus thus put his oar in
To stop the engineers from boring ;

Ye base assassins have ye got
An itch for slaughter on the spot,
What—hack and mangle patient's skull :
Oh ! Ignorance chirurgical !

Satan had time to say no more
For lo!—The scriv'ners nap was o'er ;

Soon as the surgeons 'gan to pull,
And ill entreat the scriv'ners skull,
When first he found the use of eyes
He deem'd his noddle made bon prize,
That fight so far from being over,
Was still kept up as hot as ever ;
Surgeons he deem'd were come to lend
Their aid, and reinforce the fiend,

120 The CONSULTATION,

'Cause both of them were furnish'd with
Th' aforefaid instruments of death ;

For this in hopes t'escape the knife
O spare (he cry'd) O spare my life !
The act ignoble is, and mean
Thus to pursue a vanquish'd man,
If longer life you won't afford,
And murder only is the word,
(For much I fear the tools you've got
Are dedicated to my throat)
Yet grant me quarter firs at least
'Till I recant my swearing past.

On this the surgeons 'gan to stare
At Satan, and the scrivener,
And Satan 'gan to stare at them
With visage formidably grim,
At length in these hot words began
Again to greet death's journeymen,

Rascals I know you're still in order
To scalp, to cut, trepan, and murder
And never easier in mind
Than when you're cutting up mankind;

Here

Here for a simple broken head,
Y'd quickly laid the fellow dead,
Had I not stept in to defend
And save my serviceable friend,
Whom I would not have lost for twenty
Such scrubs as you, of whom I've plenty;
I've not a truer friend i' th' nation
Maugre he talk'd of recantation:

What legions to the other world
By the damn'd faculty are hurl'd!
You know you're deem'd so great a plague in
Th' environs of Copenhagen,
That the wise monarch took his cue
To bring your numbers down to two,
Nor would in any other town
Connive at more than number one.

On this the fiend his cloven foot
Engag'd in kicking surgeons out,
Who, seeing port of egress free,
Were glad to march off sans a fee.

The fiend of surgeons thus got clear
Turn'd to the Amazonian fair,

And

122 The CONSULTATION,

And whisp'ring thus began t' accost his
Most intimate acquaintance hostess.

My dear, as with my valet priest
I've many matters to digest
In private, you'll be kind enough
To quit the room and keep aloof,
And hark y' my delicious creature,
Your son you know would do much better
B'applying all his pains and care
To double scoring at the bar,
Than by attending thus on me,
When I've no want of him you see;
I thank him for the feats h'as done,
So dearest Moll remove thy son.

Moll Niggle heard and seizing paw
O' th' Catamite, with him withdrew,
Leaving her friend the Devil there
With Prelate, Gripe, and Scrivener,
To settle methods for direction
O' tythes in rebel jurisdiction.

No sooner was Moll Niggle gone
From scene of action, with her son,

Than

Than Satan kindly gave his hand to
His great accomplice Reverendo,
Next Gripus, and his creature K——l
Received the favours of the devil:

At first th' astonish'd pettifogger
At sight of claw began to stagger,
'Till Gripe inform'd him what had chanc'd
From th' minute of his b'ing entranc'd;
How kindly Satan had forbore
Altho' he was the conqueror,
And master of the field from taking
A bout at cursed game of thwacking,
How Reverendo by his skill
Had sav'd him from a trip to hell,
And by his logic put an end
To feudal variance with the fiend.

K——l quite easy in himself,
Tho' not quite sober, greeted th' Elf.

The fiend had now got all things fitting
For festival, and merry meeting,
All sorts of liquors on the board
That Ship and Castle could afford,

So

124 The CONSULTATION,

So begg'd his friends that they'd sit down,
Which was no sooner said than done,
At this he pour'd a bumper out,
And begg'd they'd put the stuff about,
Then seem'd to drink confusion to
Tannerius, and the rebel crew,
Which Reverendo, Gripe, and K——l
Perform'd in fact, and pledg'd the devil.

Thus for a while they ply'd the glass,
'Till Cripe began to change i' th' face;
The stock of Port he'd taken in
Mounted at length to 's frontier skin,
Which Priest perceiving, thought it right
To stop the Bacchanalian wight
A while from guzzling any more,
(He thought he'd swigg'd too much before)

Straight he exclaim'd, Satan I think
We'd better lay aside the drink,
For Gripus there will never stop,
As long as he can have a drop;
Besides 'tis time we should be at
The subject of the night's debate,
'Tis time to think of jurisdiction
And how to keep it in subjection.

To

To him reply'd the devil thus,
I think fir Priest a friendly glass
Would rather help t' a settlement
Of things in question than prevent;

Suppose old Gripe gets drunk what then?
Why let him sleep 'till fresh again?
If aught of law was requisite,
'Twould be extreamly just and right
To guard against the consequences
Of drink, and keep him in his senses:
But here's a diff'rent case you know
Betwixt two friends what need of law?
And in an amicable way
Gripe never had a word to say:

We'll now proceed, you know that I
Always in tythe affairs stand by,
I get as much by decimation
As any parson in the nation,
And profit moves beyond dispute
Myself and rev'rend gentry to't,
For this same reason here I stand
Your humble servant and your friend,
But you're to set the scheme in motion
I undertake the execution,

For

126 The CONSULTATION,

For I, nor all the devils living
Are half so ready at contriving,
Besides I'm sure, do what you will,
'Twill be for th' benefit of hell.

Th' attorney here his crony priest
A little in the dumps addrest.

Kind sir I thank you for the care,
You shew to keep my senses clear,
But well I know a bottle wou'd,
Instead of hurting do me good,
'Twould make the hardest things seem plain
And aid the clock work of my brain.

The greatest people in the nation
Are sticklers for refocilation.

If there's a sermon counted fine
Before the priest drinks store of wine.

What man of sense but loves good drinking
The bottle lays a plan for thinking,
And he who takes the largest draught
Is always happiest at a thought.

Pithee

Prithee, here interrupted Satan,
Vile caitiff hold thy noisy prating
Nor spout thy idle nonsense here ;
Thou'rt gone e'en now a cup too far.

Here Satan ceas'd nor Gripe wou'd venture
On remnant of his speech to enter,
But soon the priest from silence broke
And to the foll'wing purport spoke.

Now pray, fir Satan let's go on
To settle what we were upon,
Since Gripe is always ready too
Swear for our business what will do,
When a good fee is in the case
To bribe his conscience into peace,
For's oaths are still apportioned
T' the purchase money for them paid,
A fee is deem'd the surest gin
To catch a lawyer's conscience in ;
And where no intrest is in view,
For aught I know, he may swear true
It must be own'd that his estate is
So burthen'd, that he can't swear gratis,
For, maugre all the flaring shew
He makes, his finances are low,

And

And as the proverb says in troth
He lives but just from hand to mouth.

Now fir what we should have in view
Is to advise what's best for you
How to maintain the grounds you've got
And further how to penetrate;
Michael my locum tenens priest
Shall go or stay as you think best;

If fir you choose that he should stay
Which surely is the safest way
(As he seems aptly form'd by nature,
To be your pandar, pimp, and creature
For drawing thoughtless rabble in
By brandy proofs and logic gin)
'Twould be at least a specious piece
Of justice done my benefice,
But, if on t'other hand you list
To turn away th' afore said priest,
I'll chyme in with your inclination
And sacrifice my reputation
Which freely I confess is small,
Nay some aver I've none at all.

The

The prelate clos'd and here the Elf,
Familiar thus express'd himself.

Sir, are you sure that Gripus there
With Cain too and the Scrivener
Will swear, when there's occasion to
Make what is false appear like true,
For on their swearing at this rate
Depends the matter in debate.

Here started up th' insidious Gripe,
And swore he was for swearing ripe,
And would perform an affidavit
Whenever they desir'd to have it,
By G-- (quoth he) 'tis no transgression
For perjury is my profession.

To this the devil made reply
I know thy itch for perjury,
And thou shalt have thy honest due
For wear and tear of conscience too,
But that rare offspring of Des Cart
With his damn'd quidlibets of art,
The rebel crews attorney too
That most unconquerable foe,

I

Who

130 The CONSULTATION,

Who by cramp answer and cross bill
Devises means to check us still,
Will pose us in an honest way
Suborn and perjure as we may.

Here Prelate cry'd friend Satan you
Are in your observations true ;
I know they are a sturdy brace
Of wights as any in the place,
But how the deuce can only they two
Pose us and in an honest way too,
How can they ever counteract
A lawyer by a devil backt,
But be't as 'twill fir if I can
Procure an affidavit man
I'll see both them and Slavus out,
Or urge them to a second bout
And Gripus, Scrivener and Cain
You know will oath it might and main :
So fir you see on my behalf
Things are extreamly right and safe.

Quoth Satanus I'm glad to find
A man so damnably inclin'd;
By all means fir be persevering
And don't be foil'd for want of swearing,
Now

Now as to Michael, what you say
About the keeping him in pay
We'll next resolve, as he's been tried
And found so amply qualified
The jurisdiction flock to steer,
I think 'tis best to fix him there,
Perhaps he may find means t' entrap
Th' old tanner by a conqu'ring cup,
He (tho' my son betray'd the scheme)
May play a more successful game,
And shrewdly on our part inveigle,
And lead astray the damn'd old beagle,
Who muddle-headed will disclose
The plots and secrets of our foes;
In brief, I think, our rare divine
Will help your cause as well as mine,
But be't as 'twill I leave the whole
To your discretion and control,
For by the Styx my noble priest
I weet thou'lt manage for the best :

Matters thus settled firs I think
We now may re-assume our drink,
For parson you shall whet your whistle
Before we leave the Ship and C—stle.

Gripe

132 The CONSULTATION,

Gripe made his bow with great devotion
And seconded the devil's motion.

Rev'rendo with his oblong face
Avow'd the doctrine of the glass,
And with an Israelitish look
The transport of his heart bespoke :
And K——l too began to shout
In favour of another bout :

Briskly on this from side to side
The bottle and the bowl were ply'd,
'Till fiend in order to compleat
The jovial scene, and close the treat,
Propos'd that Gripe should entertain
The company in ballad strain.

On Satan's motion for a song,
The room with sounding plaudits rung,
Nor did the lame attorney fail
To counteract it tooth and nail,
Saying as songsters mostly do
“ My organs are not apropos ”
Whilst the inexorable fiend
Stood positive for his demand,

They

They one and all insisted on
A tune and Gripe at length began.

I.

LET commanders run mad,
For cold iron and lead,
And dream of great conquests & plunder & plunder,
A bullet or thrust
Lays a hero in dust,
And all his rare schemes the turf under turf under.

II.

The learned physician,
Who kills by permission,
And hastens his patient's demise on, demise on,
Let him reckon his gains,
There's a corpse for his pains,
And a fee for prescriptions to poison to poison.

III.

Let the priest by o'erreaching,
By canting and preaching,
Endeavour to make his tythes double, tythes double,
Unassisted by law
All the parson can do,
Is no better by G. than a bubble a bubble.

But

IV.

*But in term or vacation,
 How blest is the station,
 Of lawyer in city, or village or village,
 With clients attendant
 Complainant defendant,
 Poor mortals devoted to pillage, to pillage !*

V.

*As bees pilfer honey,
 So he plunders money,
 And stuffs from all quarters his pocket his pocket :
 In short sir the law
 Is the best trade I know,
 And he that jays nay, is a blockhead a blockhead.*

Here claps were doubled o'er and o'er,
 And ev'ry mouth bawl'd out, encore,
 But Gripe, grown hoarse by squalling past
 Against the motion made protest.

Now by a snore profoundly deep,
 John found that Dick was fast asleep :
 On this, with disappointed mind
 (Tho' more, much more remain'd behind)
 The story he abruptly clos'd,
 And Richard in his chair repos'd.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page Line

28 20 for *loose* read *lose*.

Second Argument for *Rout* read *Route*.

34 22 for *inform* read *inspire*.

39 7 for *again* read *to gain*.

41 17 for *flocks* read *flock*.

53 1 for *mein* read *mien*.

60 14 for *propogating* read *propagating*.

69 15 for *that, kind* read "*that kind*"

73 4 for *lye* read *lie*.

Ditto 11 for *interwene* read *intervene*.

79 10 for *stuff* read *suff*.

81 15 for *dispair* read *despair*.

83 18 for *vociforation* read *vociferation*.

98 4 for *quandum* read *quondam*.

Ditto 14 for *then* read *than*.

99 3 for *abetter* read *abettor*.

102 14 for *streach'd* read *stretch'd*.

105 4 for *strait* read *straight*.

Ditto 9 for *to* read *too*.

111 6 for *in* read *an*.

115 20 for *clinch'd* read *clench'd*.

116 7 for *quandum* read *quondam*.

128 12 for *pandar* read *pander*.

